THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 108, NO. 8 NEW YORK, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1943 NUMBER 1473

The High Cost of Defensive Warfare

A few months ago it seemed that the recapture of Rostov was the principal aim of the Russian winter campaign. Even late in January, it appeared that the Russians might be satisfied if they regained the positions they held last spring, at the start of the German offensive. The actual fall of Rostov, on February 14, was overshadowed by greater advances to the north and west where last year's German line had already been broken. The battle of the Caucasus was ending as a German disaster; the battle of the Donets Basin was halfway over; and it seemed likely that the greater battle of the Dnieper was about to begin.

The amazing success of the Russian armies casts a new light on the theory of defensive warfare that was widely discussed in 1939. According to this theory, which was ascribed to Liddell Hart but which reached the public in a simplified and somewhat distorted form, a defensive war could be fought with one-third as many troops as an offensive, and the cost in men and materials would be only one-third as great. Something very different has happened this winter in Russia. The Germans, fighting on the defensive, have had much heavier losses, both in manpower and in heavy equipment. The troops have been captured on the move, with the result that only part of them have been available at any given moment for actual combat. This week, for example, more than a quarter-million Germans are retreating from the Rostov area and they cannot fight effectively from trucks or trains. The Russians have sometimes been able to advance with fewer men than the Germans have needed to conduct a costly retreat. The question now is where the Germans can establish a new line of defense, and whether they can find enough new manpower and supplies to enable them to undertake another offensive next summer.

That Russian Post-War Question

An editorial appearing in Pravda, official organ of the Communist Party in Russia, has raised again the question of Russia's post-war territorial claims. The editorial points out that the Baltic countries and Bessarabia are legally parts of the USSR and that their relation to the mother country is no more open to discussion than California's relation to the United States. Americans will probably be jolted by the comparison, especially since the State Department has never recognized the fact of the absorption of these areas into Russia.

Yet, however forceful or dubious the Russian legal claims, the crux of the problem must be sought not in legal genealogies (which can always be found or ignored) but in the need of an enduring basis for friendship between Russia and America. This basis is at present jeopardized by two groups. There is the wishful thinking of those who believed that Russia would make no territorial claims at all after the war. And there are the hysterical fears of those who see Stalin and the Russian armies poised to swoop down on the European continent and bolshevize it. It does not seem to trouble the second group that some of its members maintain at the same time that, once Russia has driven the Nazis out of her territory, she will make a separate peace with them and permit them to turn their full attention toward the West.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1943, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

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No Cause for Alarmism

These attitudes reflect the ambivalent feeling of many Americans toward Russia. They admire her strength, rejoice at the succession of victories which have now swept the Germans out of Rostov and Voroshilovgrad. But they also fear the consequences in a Europe in which the Germans have been vanquished by the Soviet armies before the American and British armies have made much headway on the Continent. We feel that such fears are unjustified as well as ungenerous on the part of Americans whose very survival has been assured by the Russian victories. We feel, moreover, that the alarmism about Russia's post-war plans may cause exactly the sort of split between the United Nations for which Hitler is working his propaganda overtime. Russia's principal post-war aim is national security. Her attitude after the war about specific territorial claims will in large measure be determined by the foreign policy of America and Britain. If Russia sees herself isolated in a hostile world, with her two former allies building a European conservative bloc against her, she will act accordingly. It is naïve to expect her, after having taken a major part in the European theatre of war, to submit to arrangements that would jeopardize her security. But that need for security can be even better satisfied through a strong and genuine United Nations set-up. Only we must remember that Stalin is a hard-headed realist, unlikely to be taken in by devices which give Russia formal admission into a world structure while denying her actual participation.

Rumania and the Jews

To readers of The New Republic it should be no surprise to learn that Rumania has offered to transfer 70,000 Jews to any refuge the United Nations may provide for them. The offer was reported in these columns more than a month ago, though we were not then at liberty to name the country which had made it.

Rumania has become the unwilling repository of many thousands of the Jews of Western Europe whom the Nazis have been packing into cattle cars and shipping eastward ever since last summer: her eastern province of Transdniestria is today a new Lublin area, larger and more desolate even than the earlier Nazi Jew-corral in Poland.

Rumania's motives in offering to move the Jews from Transdniestria are less noble than they may seem at first sight. Undoubtedly she realizes that the United Nations are going to win the war, and does not want to share any more of the Nazis' guilt for the fate of the Jews of Europe than she can help.

A Challenge to the United Nations

But no consideration of the nature of Rumania's motives should delay for an instant the reply of the United Nations. That reply must be immediate and affirmative. Already excuses for delay are being offered: shortage of shipping, danger of spies. But Rumania agrees to provide the shipping, and the very real danger that Germany will attempt to take advantage of the transfer by introducing spies and saboteurs among the genuine victims of her terror can be met by interning all alike in decent detention centers until each case can be examined individually. Palestine seems the logical choice for a place of refuge, but other areas are available in the Middle East and in Russia.

The shocking fact about Rumania's offer is that although it was made well over a month ago, no reply has yet been given to it. The very news of the offer was held up for five full weeks—weeks during which the Nazis have continued to butcher their victims at the rate of many thousands a day.

If the horror which civilized peoples so freely express at the Nazis' barbaric treatment of the Jews is to prove more than a spate of those easy tears which legend attributes to the crocodile, Rumania's offer must be accepted at once. If the United Nations fail to answer promptly and unequivocally now, they will make themselves, morally, partners in Hitler's unspeakable crimes.

A Roving Commission

The House of Representatives has empowered a committee headed by Howard Smith, of Virginia, to look into any and every instance of administrative activity to see if it smells badly to the sensitive nostrils of the present anti-New Deal coalition in Congress. Obviously the principle of congressional power to investigate is an important one: more and more, as Congress must share with the administration the burdens of legislation in a complex and bewildering world, it must turn to investigation and debate as the fulcrum of its control. But in this instance Congress has greatly overreached itself, and has set a precedent which may prove destructive of its own prestige as well as of administrative efficiency. The whole point of an investigating committee is that the investigators have some knowledge and experience of the matters being looked into. From this standpoint a roving commission makes no sense at all. It assumes an omniscience and omnicompetence on the part of Mr. Smith and his colleagues to which they would themselves surely not lay claim. It will not only prove a nuisance to the hard-worked administrative agencies that are doing their best to win the war, but will augment the bad reputation created by the Dies Committee.

Faltering Steps on Manpower

Events have been moving fast in the area of manpower mobilization. After the "work or fight" order, which warned those in 3A to get jobs in essential war industries by May 1 or be ready for conscription, Mr. McNutt and General Hershey have again stated that

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dependency alone will not be ground for draft deferment. They have shown courage in the face of a congressional bloc which is appealing to the sentiment about the family unit to undo the WMC order. Yet while they must be commended for their courage, they have not shown a sense of the over-all pattern of the manpower problem. With the army insisting that a military force of 11,200,000 men be built by next year, and with farm labor so scarce that the food prospects are dark and the political attitude of farmers toward the administration even darker (as Louis Bromfield pointed out in a striking letter to The New York Times), the time would seem to be near for more heroic measures than have so far been taken. There can be little question that ultimately we shall have to do what the British did under Ernest Bevin, and place the entire man and womanpower of the country drastically at the disposal of the government. There are still some difficulties in the path of such action. One is that there are reports from war-industry areas that the available labor is not being put to full use yet. Another is the need for conscripting industry at the same time that labor is conscripted. A third is the need for the WMC to demonstrate, by the way it handles its present burdens, that it can handle the even greater administrative burden of full manpower control.

Pappy in Oklahoma

In certain Southern and Southwestern states it is considered quite all right for a man to be simultaneously a Democrat and a Roosevelt-hater. But this is not universally true, and it behooves a man therefore to watch his step. Pappy O'Daniel of Texas has been touring the Southern states making violently anti-New Deal, anti-labor speeches before the state legislatures. He went over big in Alabama and Arkansas, but then he hit Oklahoma and ran into trouble. A correspondent sends us a report of what happened:

> Pappy could not bring his hill-billy band because all the boys have cushy Washington jobs now, so he borrowed Oklahoma Governor Kerr's campaign fiddlers. They opened the highjinks with "Pass the Biscuits, Pappy," and then two legislators and two secretaries formed an impromptu quartet to beat out "The Eyes of Texas" and "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition."
>
> Pappy launched into a vigorous attack on New Deal policies. The Republicans roared approval and looked as though they were about to adopt him as an honorary member. But the Democrats began to freeze and before Pappy could even finish his speech, a handful of resolutions were on the clerk's desk defending the President, praising Oklahoma labor for its non-strike record and criticizing persons who run about the country spreading disunity. Before Pappy got back to his hotel the Capitol air was full of blasts at him, and the legislators were shouting, "Who invited him here anyway?" Floor Leader Kirksey Nix admitted suggesting the idea, but apologized, saying that he thought Pappy was a Democrat until he heard him.
>
> Rep. R. M. Mountcastle led off two hours of denunciation which followed in the House: "Sam Houston and the other great men of Texas history must have turned over in their graves. They freed Texas from Mexico, but this speaker today ought to be down among the peon camps of Mexico, where he wants to put all labor of our state. If Hitler could have a copy of that speech it would be the best propaganda he could get to spread his philosophy. This man is gallivanting up and down the country spreading disunity when he ought to be in Washington working. Suppose every Senator and Representative did that! If he is a fair sample, no wonder Franklin Roosevelt has to work twenty-four hours a day."

Peyrouton: Credit and Debit

The darkness which hung over the political situation in North Africa at the high noon of the American occupation shows some evidences of being dissipated. Governor Peyrouton, of Algeria, either out of a change of heart at the eleventh hour or out of a cynical sense of expediency, has shown an inclination to admit opponents of Vichy into his Cabinet. Charles Brunel, a de Gaullist, has been placed at the head of the Permanent Council of War Economy—the first de Gaullist to be given a high office in Algeria. And recent appointments indicate that the inveterate collaborationist officialdom that has been in control is being leavened with a sprinkling of men more moderate in their hatred of democracy.

There will be Americans who will hail this development as some sort of solution. To us it appears only as proof that the North African reactionaries mean to follow a policy of appeasement toward the democracies. And appeasement is not enough of a basis on which to build the enduring pattern of a post-war Europe. Meanwhile it is worth noting that Peyrouton's Economic Council, despite the infusion of new blood, looks remarkably like a corporative state. And some new light has also been shed in Washington on Peyrouton's record while he was Vichy's ambassador to the Argentine, where—if the rumor of a secret FBI report is to be credited—he reorganized the French secret police and placed them under the control of the German embassy.

Doctors in Wartime

It is no news that a dangerous scarcity of doctors has developed in certain localities. It is not only desirable but necessary that doctors should be moved from localities where there are plenty, to places where there are far too few. Doing this is supposedly one of the jobs of the Procurement and Assignment Service of the War Manpower Commission, but thus far hardly anything has been accomplished. One important reason is that before a doctor can be moved into any state, the Medical Society of that state must give its consent, and this is very hard to get. To the United States Public Health Service this intransigent attitude of the doctors is an old story. For years it has been blocked

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similarly in its effort to carry out projects for immunization, surveys of tuberculosis and venereal disease and work on the health of mothers and children. It is a fantastic situation that we have our physicians to thank when we visit or call them, and their organized medical associations to thank when they are not there.

An Idea from Canada

The doctor shortage has resulted in an interesting new development in Canada. Two provinces, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, have established the Municipal Doctor System. A physician is paid a salary by the municipality, and takes care of illness among the residents of that community, though as a rule he does not perform major operations. Normally, his services are free. Several hundred towns, villages and rural areas are now using this plan, and there has been a marked improvement in health throughout these communities. In fact, the plan is such an overwhelming success that it is rapidly spreading to other parts of Canada.

Good News from the D. of A.

We have had to say so many disagreeable things about the Department of Agriculture lately that it is a pleasure to put something into the other side of the scale. It is good news that the farm-labor problem is to be taken away from the United States Employment Service and made part of the Food Production Administration. The Employment Service proved unable to withstand political pressure; we reported in our issue of January 25 its failure for thirty days to send unemployed workers, enlisted by the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, to pick vegetables in Florida. The cotton planters wanted these workers to stay where they were, even without jobs or money, rather than to be taken somewhere else where they were needed.

It is also good news that the question of farm labor will be handled in the Food Production Administration by Maj. John O. Walker. Major Walker has a good record with the Farm Security Administration. He is on the side of the small farmer in that astonishing battle in Washington in which most of the Department of Agriculture, the county agents, the American Farm Bureau Federation and the agricultural colleges are all lined up on the side of the big farmers who are already near the peak of production, and against the little fellows who have done the lion's share of the job of increasing food production up to now.

The Inflation Bloc

What can be the motive of those members of Congress who favor increasing prices for agricultural products instead of paying subsidies to reward increased production of the crops which need to be expanded? Certainly it is not the welfare of the farmers concerned, since it makes no difference to them where their money comes from. Even less can it be the interest of those who buy the crop, whether government, food industries or consumers. It is obvious that the Senators and Representatives in question want price increases for their own sake. But why anyone should favor such an inflationary step at this time requires an explanation.

One possible reason is that they want to provide a precedent for increased agricultural prices, not merely for those crops of which we need more, but for those of which we have enough, like wheat. In other words, they want to exploit the war for the benefit of special interests. While this is not a flattering explanation, it is the most respectable one we can think of. Another, which does not seem impossible, is that they are so bitter against the administration that they are deliberately attempting to bring on inflation and so discredit the President with the voters. Still another is that they want a chance at the speculative gains which inflation brings to those who know how to play the market. Finally, it is possible that some of these politicians remember how large a part inflation played in the destruction of democracy in Germany, and wish to be little Hitlers in the United States. We suggest that the newly refinanced Dies Committee inquire into this possibility.

Working Mothers

As increasing numbers of men with dependents are drafted into the army, day care for children of working mothers will become an even more important problem than it already is. Paul McNutt's Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services has made some progress in meeting the vast needs on this front. In general its program is practical and well conceived, but more speed in carrying the program forward will be required if our labor-supply situation is not to suffer.

Thus far, the Office of Defense Health and Welfare has worked toward extending and expanding the various kinds of day-care facilities previously in existence instead of establishing new institutions and agencies. They have not promoted the establishment of a network of new nursery schools so much talked about in the press. On the contrary, their studies of the problem have indicated that no national formula is applicable. The policy is to work through the Departments of Education and Welfare of the individual states to stimulate local committees. In thirty states, these experts in the departments are helping to set up such local committees. The next step must be federal funds to supplement available local and state money. The McNutt office has requested from the Budget Bureau funds for this purpose, together with authority to make grants to the State Departments of Health and Welfare to be allocated locally by them.

A Footnote on Washington

From a friend of ours comes a rather cold-blooded story which nevertheless sheds more light on living

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conditions in overcrowded Washington than many articles we have read (or published). This man, a newspaperman from a Southern city, went to Washington to take a job in a government service for the duration. He ran up total bills for weeks while trying to find a room or an apartment. One day he was in a newspaper office talking to friends when a police reporter telephoned the first bulletin about the suicide of an army captain. Our friend read the address off the rewrite man's scribbled notes, jumped into a taxi, got to the officer's apartment house and signed a lease on the apartment before the body had been removed.

A War After the War?

BOTH THE STRENGTH AND THE WEAKNESS of the United Nations have been revealed in speeches of the past few days. The strength consists in the growing preponderance of military power and the decision to use it aggressively in the coming months. The weakness consists in the continued lack of any plans for abandoning imperialism after victory, of keeping the United Nations together and achieving concretely the aims of the Atlantic Charter.

Winston Churchill's report to the House of Commons reflected his usual firmness and candor when he is talking about military matters. It raised justified hopes about aid to Russia, the African campaign, the invasion of Europe and, most important of all, the war against the submarine. It was silent about the ugly situation in India, where Mahatma Gandhi has just started a fast in protest against the arrest of adherents of the Congress Party engaged in non-violent non-coöperation. It spoke of plans to wage the war more vigorously in China, but ignored the doubt concerning Britain's post-war policy in the Far East raised by recent statements about Hong Kong. It said nothing about the future of Europe. We do not expect Mr. Churchill to cover everything in one speech, but nowhere else has he offered reassurances on these subjects.

Mr. Roosevelt had little to add to former information on the military situation, and confined most of his comments to domestic morale. More significant than anything else in his speech was the expression of the conviction that the United Nations ought to remain united after the war. In this he seconded the excellent remarks of Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles, who pointed out the need, not of adding to the principles enunciated in the Atlantic Charter, but of taking steps even while the war is on to prepare to put them into effect.

That failure to make progress in this respect may lead to a deterioration of international relations because of the rivalries smoldering under the surface is clearly indicated in recent widely publicized speeches by Representative Clare Boothe Luce of Connecticut. Mrs. Luce is of course not an important statesman, whose opinions need to be taken seriously just because she utters them. But she has apparently enlisted in the menacing and potentially powerful movement toward imperialism on the part of this country, previously given voice by her husband. It may appear harmless to prophesy the coming "American Century," in which the United States will play the role formerly acted by Britain, as Mr. Luce has done. When, however, Mrs. Luce talks about worldwide expansion of American aviation, she touches a real conflict for power and wealth, which is now being waged (without much publicity) by very concrete and ambitious interests.

The immense expansion of aviation during the war is of course one of its most dramatic developments; we all look forward to the greatly increased use of air transport after it. Who is to control this immense and growing industry? Fears have been expressed in Britain that American companies are using the war to establish themselves so firmly that other nations will not have their share. The "American Century" may mean, when reduced from ardent generalities to specific terms, that America expects to rule the air just as Britain has ruled the sea. Mrs. Luce has talked as if it meant just that. As the expression of a photogenic and brilliant young playwright, this might be put down for irresponsible fancy, but unfortunately others besides Mrs. Luce think so too, and these others have planes, established air routes and plenty of money and influence. If the United Nations or the Atlantic Charter should stand in the way of their march to dominance, it will be so much the worse, if they are allowed to have their way, for the United Nations and the Atlantic Charter.

We can imagine no surer way to condemn the world to future chaos and war than a conflict over transportation and trade between the United States and Britain. Nor can we imagine a better means of bringing to naught all the noble aspirations expressed during the war than an attempt by either of these nations, or both together, to extend this kind of dominance over the rest of the nations. The sense that something like this is in the wind would, indeed, be the supreme vindication of German propaganda, which has tried to drive wedges between its enemies by just such insinuations.

We do not for a moment believe that the responsible leaders of the United States and Britain entertain any such notions. But their failure to take the initiative in making concrete arrangements to govern such areas of potential danger before it is too late makes it possible for naïve and probably unintentional mischief-makers like Clare Luce not only to injure their own reputations by silly speeches but to lay the foundation of public support for a perilously disruptive policy. Mrs. Luce may be like an attractive curly-haired baby playing with matches, but the matches are there, and so is the inflammable material which could start a conflagration

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that would be nobody's plaything. The sooner the United Nations establish an authoritative and representative council which will make and announce plans for genuine international solutions of post-war problems in the matter of colonies and subject peoples, transport, trade and finance, in order to put a final end to imperialism whether old or new, the sooner we may be assured that we are fighting for something that may endure, and is fit to endure.

Juvenile Delinquency

PHILADELPHIA's 62-percent increase in delinquency among adolescent girls suggests the seriousness of the wartime problem of juvenile crime which has suddenly become national front-page news. The saddest feature of the story, however, is the behavior not of the children of America but of the adults, who amid their gasps of horror at the emergence of this wholly predictable and largely preventable wartime catastrophe seem quite unable to gather their wits and take the plain action necessary to control it.

"Juvenile delinquency" comes with war, in every country, a product of disrupted homes, widespread emotional tension and confusion and a loosening of customary attitudes toward life and property. Social workers here began to point out a couple of years ago that it was unmistakably coming. (Mrs. Roosevelt, incidentally, knew that too; but her Office of Civilian Defense program which was designed to combat it was jeered out of existence by our deep-thinking realists.)

There are two primary measures of control: keeping Juvenile Courts fully staffed and expertly administered and, much more important, expanding the community organizations which keep children wholesomely occupied. What New York City has done in those directions under the supposedly enlightened regime of Mayor LaGuardia typifies the alertness of adults almost everywhere to the seriousness of the situation: a slash of $900,000 last April in the city's educational appropriation, abolition of the Juvenile Aid Bureau of the Police Department, refusal of the request of the badly understaffed Children's Court for twenty-eight additional probation officers, refusal to fill subsequent vacancies in Children's Court posts and, according to the United Parents' Association, reduction in the number of city-operated playgrounds from 400, in 1939, to 35.

The city of Toledo, which took the opposite course, has reduced juvenile delinquency despite wartime influences. It reorganized and vitalized its Juvenile Courts and embarked on a successful community effort to enroll boys and girls in organized groups for play and work, including evening classes in art and music (boondoggling!) and many such useful wartime studies as radio operation. Britain tackled the problem determinedly when, amid the terrible dislocations of the blitz, it had reached crucial proportions, and brought it under control by the same methods. A million and a half Britons between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, enrolled in youth-service squads, are putting their energy and wartime emotions into exceedingly useful auxiliary war tasks.

American adults might well lay aside their evening papers a little ahead of time, forgo the pleasant horror of reading about "girl prostitution" and "schoolchildren riots" and get busy at the job that urgently needs to be done.

The Jim Crow Bloc

FOR MANY DECADES Southern politicians have protested what they termed Northern interference in the conduct of Southern affairs. This indeed was the basic issue of the Civil War. In late years "interference" has been the theme song of the Bilbos and Rankins in their ruthless and successful efforts to kill off the various anti-lynching bills and anti-poll-tax bills which have sprouted perennially in Congress. The Northern majorities have always included a large number of members who were cynical or disinterested about the race question. There usually were men whose constituencies included only a negligible proportion of Negroes, and who could yield to, or aid, the Southern bloc without having to consider the loss of votes. Since a cold-blooded system of sectional swaps and trades has a long tradition and a firm place in the functioning of Congress, this argument of "interference" kept a relatively stable value, though morally it was bankrupt. And to give Southern cynicism its due, it has been true throughout our history that piety on the race question has flourished best in Northern areas where its proponents had few social adjustments to make in behalf of Negroes because they were confronted with such small numbers of them. Therefore, the "Northern interference" defense gambit has been an effective one in the long and skillful game played by Southern members.

But incredibly enough, Southern congressmen are now actually using this technique as an offensive weapon in questions involving racial relations in Northern states, and they are getting away with it. This is being done covertly in instances like the cancellation of the FEPC hearing into charges of discrimination against Negro firemen by the railroads. In another instance it is being done openly in Congress by Rep. Joe Starnes of Alabama, and other Southern members, on the appropriations subcommittee, who are attempting to abolish the racial-relations personnel in such groups as the United States Housing Authority. This effort began last year when the subcommittee conducted hear-

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ings on the independent offices appropriation bill for 1943. Starnes called this personnel "special propagandists" who are placed in federal agencies like the Housing Authority and the Federal Works Agency "to promote the idea that racial discrimination is being practised." He was abetted in this by Rep. R. B. Wigglesworth, of Massachusetts, the state which once was the fountainhead of the anti-slavery movement. Wigglesworth characterized as "un-American" the efforts of the race-relations personnel to speak for and defend the rights of the Negro minority. Rep. James M. Fitzpatrick, of New York, challenged this position, but the committee finally went on record as questioning the need of such work and specifically prohibited the expansion of racial-relations services.

In recent hearings on a similar appropriations bill for 1944, Starnes again challenged the need for racial-relations and labor-relations services in the Federal Works Agency. During the hearings on war housing, he said it was his understanding that the Racial Relations Office of the Federal Housing Authority was active in promoting the policy that Negroes and whites should live together in the same federal projects. Starnes is against the good-neighbor policy at home. What is really significant is the fact that he attacked such procedure regardless of the section of the country —North as well as South—and regardless of the customary relationship of the races even in communities where there have never been restricted, Jim Crow residential sections for Negroes. He has gone further: he is now requiring that the Housing Authority supply special justification for the existence of its racial-relations personnel, and that their names and biographies be submitted for appraisal.

Here is the point at which "Southern interference" becomes intolerable. The Southern bloc is riding high in the new Congress, again holding the dominant committee chairmanships because of its poll-tax seniority, and wielding inordinate influence as the balance of power between the Republican and the real Democratic Parties. To keep these Southern members' effective support of the war against fascism abroad, the New Deal is continuing to appease their racial tendencies at home; there are not many issues left on which the New Deal can still appease them. Lacking leadership, voters who believe in democracy will have to make the fight against this Southern encroachment themselves.

Here are the issues: proper provision for minority races in federal programs builds morale and makes available badly needed human resources for the war effort; none of the agencies is trying to buck long-standing prejudices in constituencies like the one Representative Starnes represents, but they must resist having his prejudices imposed on Northern areas where they were not previously in operation; every housing riot, every lynching, every case of flagrant discrimination discredits our good faith in the eyes of millions of allies in Asia and Africa; resisting the Southern bloc therefore is a matter of vital importance.

Voters who want to oppose this encroachment should write to representatives of the Committee on Appropriations and say so. It will do no good writing to men like Starnes, or Hendricks of Florida, but there are other members who are still responsible to large numbers of liberal voters, and they should be made to feel the pressure of the popular will they are supposed to represent. Here is the membership of the committee:

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Clarence Cannon (Missouri), Chairman

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S—Subcommittee reviewing appropriations.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Inside Occupied Russia

With the victorious Russian armies continuing their advance, and reclaiming territories that have been occupied by the Germans for more than a year, there is special interest in the character of life inside occupied Russia. We present herewith what is, we believe, the first account to reach America of conditions in these territories. – THE EDITORS

THE GERMAN ARMIES have swept over vast areas of Soviet Russia. Besides the regions annexed by Russia in 1939-40 (with a population of about twenty-three and one-half millions), Hitler's legions now occupy lands that before the invasion were inhabited by more than fifty million people. A part of the population was evacuated in an organized fashion; others followed the Red Army in its retreat. But the overwhelming majority remained. How are these millions living? Most of them have been under Nazi rule for more than a year. Necessarily, some new ways of life must have been established there.

I have before me a file of the Berlin Russian newspaper Novoye Slovo, from May to October 7, 1942. Novoye Slovo aims to be the leading Russian publication and to exercise a decisive influence on the local press in the occupied regions. (It may be worth mentioning that there are about seventy newspapers in the Ukraine alone, none of which is a "private" organ: all publications are issued either by "City Admininstrations" or—more rarely—directly by the German authorities.)

As to its ideological contents, Novoye Slovo makes an extremely poor impression. Its leading articles, as well as many short stories and memoirs, are mainly directed against the Jews, "Bolshevism being nothing but a form of Jewish supremacy." Except for two or three incidental phrases, we find no attempt to spread general Nazi ideology among its readers—a significant fact if compared with the attitude of the greater part of the German press, or even of this same Novoye Slovo before the war, when the paper was orienting itself toward the pro-fascist elements in the Russian emigration and trying to convert the younger generation of Russian emigrés to Nazism.

This seems to indicate that the editors of Novoye Slovo, either consciously or unintentionally, are adjusting themselves to their new reading public. It suggests that the population of the occupied regions has proved to be largely immune to fascist propaganda, and that therefore Jew-baiting propaganda has become all the more violent.

Of course, no complete picture of life in occupied Russia can be formed on the basis of these newspapers alone. In particular, no mention is made of acts of hostility toward the occupying authorities, or of Nazi acts of reprisal. The treatment of these subjects is evidently forbidden. Even the attacks on the Jewish population get into the news only indirectly and in fragments. Thus, in early August, it was reported that there were "no more Jews" in Bessarabia. In Odessa also there are "no more Jews." In Dnepropetrovsk, the census taken at the end of May, 1942, reports only 377 Jews for the entire city. It is easy to conjecture the tragedies hidden between these dry lines of print, especially when we remember that Odessa and Bessarabia were among the greatest Jewish centers in the world.

Local news is mainly devoted to urban patterns of life. In most towns, "municipal administrations" have been set up, sometimes headed by a "mayor" or "city chief" (*Nachalnik*). Of course, there is no question of elected city officials.

Of particular interest are the dispatches from Gorlovka and Smolensk. In Gorlovka twelve days elapsed between the disappearance of the Soviet administration and the arrival of Germano-Italian troops. "Plundering and anarchy broke out in the uncontrolled city. It is in those days that the first attempt at self-government was made," we are told, "when the best elements of the population, putting their lives in danger, took in their hands the reins of government and began to organize a new set-up and establish order." We are not told who these "best elements" were and what kind of "order" they established. To judge from the tone of the report, it may be concluded that a strongly pro-fascist note was struck by this first "self-government."

But in Smolensk developments seem to have been different. The city had undergone terrible destruction. When the Germans arrived, the situation was more desperate than in most other towns in the occupied zone. This apparently obliged the Germans to show political moderation and leave some scope for local initiative. From innumerable news items and reports we can deduce that an administration was constituted from a section of the local intelligentsia: college professors, physicians and the like. Among these people it is possible that some were collaborationists in the bad sense of the word, but the unusual feature of the Smolensk experiment seems to have been quite otherwise. This volunteer administration as a whole apparently made the attempt to adopt itself to German rule without complete capitulation for the sake of the elementary needs of the local population.

In general, municipal administration has had to face two types of problems in the occupied zone: economic activities on the one hand, and education, sanitation and

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social security on the other. Private trade and industry are of a limited nature, while the food supply and the greater part of production (except handicraft) are in the hands of the authorities. In some reports we even come across such phrases as "socialized trade" and "socialized sector." This point will be treated later.

Work in the fields of education, sanitation and care for the homeless and needy apparently arouses increased interest among local men—a kind of public safety valve in times of stress. The Germans often tolerate such attempts, but the means at the disposal of the frequently extremely needy communities are greatly limited. Yet necessity is the mother of invention. In Nikolayev, in order to provide funds, the Department of Social Security has opened a "great industrial and commercial business" which comprises "eleven industrial workshops, three stores, fourteen bar-luncheonettes," etc. In Smolensk, the Regional Mutual Aid Committee (in this case not a municipal, but a regional body) has asked for voluntary contributions, and is now organizing "industrial, agricultural and cultural enterprises."

Besides such communal activities the local cultural forces find another outlet. Despite extreme suffering and poverty, many men have dedicated themselves to the reconstruction of the scientific institutes destroyed during the first months of the war, the rebuilding of schools and colleges from ruins. During the past winter intensive work has continued, often when the temperature was below freezing. Theatres are open, and in some cities (Kiev, Dnepropetrovsk, Odessa, Simferopol) exhibitions of works of art of local origin are organized.

Sometimes a note of collaborationism can be heard —yet this is exceptional. Thus, in Dnepropetrovsk, a local writer, Konstantin Shvekh, has written a satire entitled "Soviet Kaleidoscope." Or, in Dnepropetrovsk again, the schools are helping in the collection of nonferrous-metal scrap for German industry and the army (according to the paper, quite successfully). Or in Pskov, the anniversary of the "Liberation" (*i.e.*, German occupation) is celebrated by a servile speech of Mayor V. M. Cherepenkin, who, "according to the olden Russian fashion," expresses "threefold gratitude" to "the great leader of the German people," to "the great German people," to "the invincible German army" without whose assistance "the Russian people would have ceased to exist as a nation, since liberation from within was impossible." The Nazi paper naturally registers all such happenings with care. If there are only a few such reports—and, indeed, there are very few—it means that the Cherepenkins are only exceptions.

Obviously reports of this attitude of the population and especially the "intelligentsia" of the occupied regions have reached Moscow, where such accounts have apparently produced a change in the official attitude toward men engaged in public work under the conditions of Nazi rule. The Moscow periodical Novy Mir for August, 1942, contains Leonid Leonov's play "The Invasion." Its action takes place in a small Russian town immediately before and during the German occupation. The main characters are the family of an old physician, head of the local hospital, Dr. Talanov. The Germans are about to enter the town. Talanov is given the opportunity to depart in time, but he refuses: "I am no bale of merchandise, nor a piece of art. I was born in this town, and I belong to it, like its fire hose. And in the high degree of this 'belonging' I see a particular honor for myself." In the play the doctor's decision to stay is presented as an act of heroism. A year ago such an interpretation of this behavior in the Moscow press would have been unthinkable. But let us return to the Russian Berlin paper.

The democratic convictions of the population have proved to be considerably deeper, their immunity to Nazi propaganda has shown itself much more organic, than was expected in Berlin offices and fascist editorial departments. All this seems greatly to trouble the editors of Novoye Slovo; reality differs from what "was to be"! One of the staff of the Berlin paper found the courage to publish a sincere account of his experiences in the occupied zone. In early August, Victor Larionov spent some time in Smolensk and later described his travels in a series of articles in Novoye Slovo. He was amazed by the "high cultural standards of the masses":

> At first contact, you will be amazed by many a thing, and above all by the language which the simple country woman uses in talking to you. The revolution has brought into use many words that before it were a monopoly of the "intellectual" classes, unknown in the factory and in the country. . . .
>
> You will notice no trace of humility in the average Russian, who has acquired some kind of political inward self-consciousness of his own, in most cases quite different from the official tenets of the fanatical government.

Larionov was equally struck by the appearance of the Russian peasant-woman, by her "internal force": "If you look into her suffering, all-understanding eyes, you will be sleepless and restless for a long time."

"With great amazement," the author has encountered the seemingly resurrected (only considerably older) type of the "sympathetic representative of the Russian pre-revolutionary intelligentsia," "a type of Chekhov intellectual no longer known abroad." But what amazed him still more was the youth and the new intelligentsia:

> It is hard to describe the young people and the new intelligentsia in a few words. They form the most intricate, the most complex problem. . . . They do not believe anybody they come across, and, tried by life under the Soviets, they know how to hide their true thoughts and emotions.

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Larionov is equally surprised by the average girl from the provincial town:

> This will probably come as a surprise to all those who have believed the Soviet girl to be immoral. It so happens that she is a straight, natural, sanely chaste girl even though she has frequently had a hard life. Anti-religious propaganda has not made militant atheists of these young Russian women; it is true that you will rarely meet one in the Cathedral—but that is no reflection upon their moral standing. There are other reasons for this fact, reasons that cannot be properly discussed at this time.

The destruction of cities wrought by the war is indirectly brought out in the striking decrease in population figures. Thus in Smolensk, where destruction was particularly heavy, the population was 25,000 in October, 1941 (*i. e.* more than two months after the cessation of warfare in that sector); by the middle of December, it was only 40,000—that is, about 25 percent of the pre-war population. In Nikolayev, the figures are 80,000 for July, 1942—more than nine months after the arrival of the Germans—as compared with 167,000 in 1939. In Dnepropetrovsk, with its pre-war population of over half a million, only 152,000 remained at the end of May, 1942. Only Mariupol, relatively little hurt by the war, showed 167,000 in May, 1942, as compared with 222,000 in 1939. As a whole, the urban population has apparently decreased by far more than 50 percent. Of course, this decline was partly due to the planned evacuation of a section of the urban population; but generally the decrease is a symptom of destruction and a spontaneous flight from the towns, as well as the result—in particular in the case of the Jews—of direct annihilation of the population by Hitler's firing squads.

The people are hungry. Hardly any money is being earned. There is very little food. Bread is rationed. After August 1, 1942, bread rations for Kiev consisted of three pounds, five ounces (1,500 grams) a week. In addition, workers and employees received supplementary rations of 500 grams at their places of work. That made up the bulk of the population's food. But even this sounds miraculous in comparison with the regulations before August 1, when a person was allowed only 700 grams a week.

We have no corresponding data for other localities and other commodities, but it is hardly likely that the food rations in Kiev are worse than elsewhere in the Ukraine. The Germans allow no variations on their themes.

The extent of the famine in Kiev can be judged from the development of public (municipal) free soup kitchens: "Special dining-rooms have been opened for the wounded war veterans, pensioners and aged people without relatives. Several dozens of such establishments through Kiev serve about 15,000 persons daily, providing free meals and bread." This goes on in spite of the extremely precarious state of municipal finances. In Nikolaev, "all workingmen—about 25,000—eat in public dining rooms" (where they pay), with 115 such places in this one locality.

Commerce and industry are in a pitiful state. The core of local production consists of handicraft and artisan workshops, as well as small factories. The large enterprises (with the exception of the food industries) are in almost all cases at a standstill. Even the manganese mines of Nikopol, occupied by the Germans in August, 1941, were not working as late as in the summer of 1942. Yet for the German war economy they constitute the most valuable acquisition of the entire Russian campaign. At the time of the occupation of the fields by the Nazis, technical journals had expressed the belief that the exploitation of the ore mines could begin in no more than six months. Nevertheless, Novoye Slovo for July 19, 1942, announces—almost a year after the occupation—only that "reconstruction work is being carried on in the manganese ore mines of Nikopol. The destroyed pits are being reinforced, a ventilation system constructed. Soon the mines of Nikopol will give their first load of manganese ore." Yet the files of Novoye Slovo up to October 7, 1942, contain no mention of an actual start on the exploitation of Nikopol.

Of the industrial centers, Mariupol alone seems to have more or less maintained its productive capacity. Mariupol was seized by the Germans on October 8, 1941, by a flanking movement, almost without a fight, so that the city remained virtually intact. There "the greatest metallurgical plants are at work—Azovstal and the Ilyich plant as well as the Kuibyshev Chemical Coke Works. A great number of small mills and cooperative associations are also working. The power station is in use, so that the whole city is supplied with electricity." It may be that the Berlin correspondent has seen things a little too rosily. Yet, even allowing for the reporter's optimism, there can be no doubt as to the difference in status between Mariupol and most other localities.

The reader will notice that the Mariupol works have maintained their Soviet names. This seems to be an almost universal feature. One report from Dnepropetrovsk mentions the Komintern plant; and one item included the Lenin Works in Odessa ("the former Lenin plant" in the dispatch). In most cases the new Soviet names of cities have been maintained, such as Kirovgrad (formerly Elizavetograd), Dnepropetrovsk (Ekaterinoslav), Voroshilovgrad (Lugansk), etc. On the other hand, Stalino has returned to its former name of Yuzovka, Dneprodzerzhinsk to Kamensk, Ordzhonikidzegrad to Bezhitza.

Evidently, not deeming themselves able to reconstruct the whole of industry, the Germans are concentrating their attention on food production. The entire control of this branch lies in the hands of German offi-

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cials. The transfer of control of even the least part to private persons is out of the question; only here and there are bread mills and smaller food enterprises put under municipal control. For the administration of the food industry, the Germans have created "centralized associations," modeled on the Soviet trusts, subordinated to the Department for Food and Agriculture of the Reichskommissariat for the Ukraine.

As an example, let us take the sugar industry. Before the war, of the 189 sugar plants of the USSR, 147 were located in the Ukraine. Most of these were partly in ruins when they came under German control. Their reconstruction has proceeded with difficulty. For the season of 1941-42, from thirty-five to forty factories were operating in the occupied Ukraine. Moreover, "the beets were mostly frozen by the time processing began. Even though not all beets could be dug up, the factories were unable to process the available supply. Therefore, beet roots were transferred to alcohol and other plants." Naturally, a much better production could be organized for the next season: "Out of 17 plants the Regional Association for Kiev has reconstructed 14; out of 19 plants in the Proskurov region, 17 will be ready for use in the next season. All in all, 93 factories will be working, 73 of them being on the right bank of the Dnieper."

Taken purely numerically, the higher number of plants seems to represent a success. But evidently their output will not be in any way comparable to their prewar production. This can be illustrated by the following significant example: "the sowing plan" for the Ukraine—the Germans have copied that, too—prepared by the Central Agricultural Direction at the Reichskommissariat provides for increases of sown areas for many agricultural commodities, yet the sown area for beets is reduced from 773,000 hectares in 1941 to 350,000 in 1942—a reduction of almost 55 percent. "This [temporary] reduction is due solely to the bolshevistic methods of destruction of sugar plants in the Ukraine," the fascist paper gloomily observes.

In the villages, the political and public aspects of life are even more strained than in the cities. The German authorities seem to have abandoned all hope of squeezing anything out of the impoverished cities. This may explain their restraint about intervening in the cities' local affairs. The situation is different in the country—there the Germans must get their bread. The villages (in particular, in the Ukraine) must feed a large army of occupants and, according to the long-range plan, even feed at least part of Germany.

Sporadically we find reports of district or village administrations, but their importance is far inferior to that of the municipal bodies. In particular, all agricultural questions and their solutions are up to the German Regional Land Offices. Everywhere, "MTS" machine and tractor stations are being maintained or reconstructed, under control of the Regional Land Offices; and special courses for future MTS directors and mechanics are being given at the Dnepropetrovsk University.

That the hopes for millions of tons of Ukrainian wheat have been far from realization is now being openly admitted by the German authorities. In Novoye Slovo of June 17, 1942, we read:

> The publication of the German Ministry for Food is warning against undue enthusiasm and hopes concerning the Ukraine. Many people see in the black earth zones a country of miracles where wheat and fodder grass grow without labor and care. Many people believe that the agriculture of this richest of countries will make the task of assuring adequate food supplies for the Reich easier for the German peasant. But whoever has seen that country, knows how erroneous such views are! . . . Doubtless, the measures adopted by the German government will eventually make the Ukraine the actual bread basket of Europe, but a certain period of transition must be allowed for, and until such time the responsibility for the supply of food for our own people remains on the shoulders of the German peasantry.

Before the war, the Nazis placed great hope on the prospect of winning over the Russian peasant by the restoration of individual private ownership of the land. The measures adopted by the German government, however, have never gone beyond nominal abolition of collective farms. They continue to provide for the establishment of a "communal economy" with communal cultivation of the soil and prescribed internal organization, completely controlled by the German Regional Land Offices. To be sure, the farmers are given the prospect of a future transformation from common tilling to "fully or partly individual cultivation." But such breaking-up of the communal farms can take place only if the Regional Land Offices grant special permission and only "if it can be ascertained that a better crop will be obtained than under conditions of common cultivation."

This agrarian order was established in February-March, 1942. For the whole spring and summer, Novoye Slovo had been speaking of "the breaking-up of the kolkhozes," of the "dissolution of collective farms," etc. But what really occurred? The collective farms were indeed broken up wherever they included several villages; every village is now organizing its own "communal economy" to be given the name of the village, provided it is not some "specifically Soviet name." Tolerated in the towns, these "specifically Soviet names" are utterly unacceptable to the Nazis on the farms. This is probably a further sign of the greater strain in the rural areas than in the cities.

The communal economy, the Nazi authorities repeat, is only a "temporary" arrangement, to be replaced by an individualistic economy; but this has to be "earned." In the meanwhile, however, here and there steps are being taken nominally in the direction of the private

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economy, through the designation of individual sections in the common field; although both tilling and harvesting are done in common. Apparently the German authorities themselves are afraid of such a mocking symbolism, only rare mention being made in the press. In return, they celebrate the more triumphantly the return "to the peasants the homestead land to ownership," which in fact also amounts to a symbolic act, the transfer of peasant lands from "possession" to "ownership" being of no practical significance whatever at the present time.

Thus in the village as in the city, it seems clear from an analysis of this Russian fascist newspaper that collaboration is making no progress, that neither food nor raw materials are being obtained for Germany in great quantities, and that the reconciliation of the population to the regime of occupation holds no future promise of success.

SOLOMON M. SCHWARZ

How the Consumer Is Robbed

"I WANT a dollar and a quarter blue work shirt for my husband," says Mrs. Osborne to the clerk at the counter. Plainly marked over the counter are the OPA ceiling prices for shirts. The shirt which the clerk brings out for Mrs. Osborne meets the ceiling price all right, but with half an eye Mrs. Osborne can see that it is nowhere near so good in quality as the shirt her dollar and a quarter bought in March, 1942, when the ceilings were set. She would need sharp eyes, technical knowledge and testing equipment to see just how inferior that work shirt is. Here's what she would find and what one well known testing agency recently found when they tested eighty-six of them. Only four met the federal specifications for fit and shrinkage. (The federal specifications are deficient, since they do not provide for collar size. Not one of the eighty-six made the grade when collar fit was tested too.) More than half shrunk so badly after washing that, in all probability, they could not be worn comfortably again —and this shrinkage is on top of the fact that the sizes have become so skimpy that it is difficult to get a good fit out of the new shirt. Workmanship, too, has suffered. The federal specifications call for fourteen stitches to the inch in side seams and front panels, but only four of the shirts came up to this requirement, some going as low as nine stitches to the inch in the side seams. Reinforcements at wear points are also lacking.

Mrs. Osborne is not the only person to make this discovery. You and I have become acutely conscious of quality deterioration when we have bought our necessities recently. Women's dresses have rapidly gone down in quality of workmanship. Finishing is poor; seams are not pinked; there is insufficient stitching to the inch. The quality of dyes is lower and, worst of all, sizes, here too, are skimped. Men's socks are sold with loops poorly joined from the top to the leg. They pull apart. Reinforcements are not so strong; clocks are not woven in.

The story is the same on nearly all textiles. An expert in the hotel field, after examining a blanket priced at $10, told me that it was comparable in quality to one sold at $6 before ceiling prices were instituted. To a less degree foods have also deteriorated. A can of peaches has less drained fruit weight and a thinner syrup than before.

All this is happening in spite of OPA price ceilings. True, the prices are frozen by the OPA, but obviously the quality is not. An item, though sold at the same price as last year, which you wear only half as long as you normally would, still adds up to costing twice as much.

It would be easy, but wholly unjust, to blame this situation on greedy retailers. Though the retailer is the man we complain to because we deal directly with him, he is almost as helpless as we are. He protests too, but he ends up by buying what the market affords. It would be convenient to blame it all on the manufacturer. But the manufacturer is paying higher prices for most things, he is using substitutes for ingredients which have disappeared from the market because of the war, and he is paying higher taxes. He is of course also trying to keep his profit margins as high as possible. Manufacturers who are chiseling can get away with it, since there is no policing by government. But in spite of chiseling, it would not be true to say that unscrupulous manufacturers are alone responsible for quality depreciation. In many cases, the cost of manufacturing the original article is more than the frozen sale price, so that the honest manufacturer must sacrifice quality or go out of business.

No little of the trouble is to be found in the halfway measures taken by the government. Hidden inflation was inherent in the policy of setting price ceilings without placing a floor under quality. When the OPA established its ceilings as of March, 1942, the public generally understood that not only prices but qualities were fixed. We would go to the store and purchase our necessities by paying the March price. We would obtain the March quality. This did not happen. The price of an article may still be the same as it was in March—$1—but a similar article could have been purchased in March for 60 cents. This constitutes a real rise in price of 66 percent, but since the increase is hidden, it will not show up in the cost-of-living statistics.

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Quite apart from any considerations of quality, the OPA has lifted price ceilings on many items. These direct increases have been reflected in the cost-of-living indexes, and it is, in most part, to these statistically recorded rises that we refer when we speak of the rising cost of living. Since August, 1939, food prices alone have risen by 42 percent. No one can accurately estimate how much the percentage rise would be for all necessities if the cost-of-living index recorded the thousands of instances where the ceiling price conceals a debasement of as much as 66 percent in quality. The net is a hidden inflationary movement of serious proportions.

There may be a school in government that thinks some inflation is desirable. It is one way of draining off the excess income of the nation, and therefore has its defenders. The inflation which shows up in the statistics is measurable, and in that sense subject to control, but this hidden inflation is a runaway movement and works only to embitter and confuse the consumer.

The OPA has, since its inception, known how to avoid the runaway aspects of this menace to our economy, and in a few instances has done it. Bed sheets have become the classic example of the OPA's ability to control quality. Early in the game the OPA announced that it had pegged its price ceilings for sheets to a printed standard of quality divided into four grades. Later the OPA also geared price to quality standards in beef and veal. Unfortunately, the OPA omitted to stipulate that the sheet label or the meat must carry the quality designation on the store counter. Quality has been mentioned only in the price-ceiling orders for women's nylon hosiery and for a few varieties of canned goods. When the price-ceiling order for women's dresses and coats was announced, even the trade press bitterly commented that the order condoned, and even invited, the lowering of quality. The price tags—$15, $20, $25 and so on—were frozen, but the garment on which the price tag was to be placed was not defined. It could be, and has been, skimped and cheapened to absorb increased costs. Beyond the assurance that price units were to be the same as before, the consumer and, in most cases, the retailer were, and still are, at the mercy of the manufacturer in regard to fit, workmanship and material. And this is typical of the majority of price orders. Where quality is mentioned at all, only the vaguest terminology is used. "Of comparable quality" appears again and again in orders. This description fails to define the product for the consumer, or even for the technician seeking to make a quality appraisal by test.

Quality cannot be consistently maintained in wartime. Imports of essentials have stopped. Domestic sources of supplies are fewer, qualified workmen have left civilian-goods manufacture to go to the armed forces and to war work. But floors can be placed under quality at the level where our facilities, raw materials and workmanship now meet. We should then know what we are getting for our money and, since it would be as good as we can get in wartime, we would all cheerfully take it. If it becomes necessary to reduce the quality again or if, because of the release of materials, it can be raised, the government, not the manufacturer, should make the decision.

There have been some understandable reasons for the OPA's failure to give us this kind of protection. Few consumers'-goods standards were available when the OPA came into existence and it could not include even these without arousing opposition. Manufacturers have resisted attempts to define quality to protect trademark identification. In at least one case, a labor union fought to avoid a quality standard which might have hurt marginal plants and thereby jeopardized employment for a segment of the workers in their industry. Farm organizations, other than the Farmers' Union, have been heard from, and quickly, when their special interest in conserving or increasing profit margins seemed in danger. Congress has notoriously had its axe out for the OPA, and to some congressmen quality standards have been made to sound like regimentation and socialism. A minor factor has been the attitude of leaders of women's groups who really want quality protection but are always fearful of a concealed ace in the sleeve of the manufacturer, and have therefore held out for an impossible perfection. Finally, the OPA has not had the funds for adequate enforcement of quality standards.

So what to do now? The problem must be solved. If wages and salaries will progressively buy less and less, the need for heavy increases in wages and salaries will be irresistible and hidden inflation will presently be open and wild inflation. Concentration on the production of a relatively few types of goods of standardized quality, design and price, is part of the answer. During the last war Bernard Baruch proceeded along these lines with real success. The Office of Economic Stabilization, under Mr. Byrnes, has requested the WPB and the OPA to carry through a program of this kind.

But the government cannot do it all. Consumers must know what they want and go after it. "Consumer," unfortunately, is a dreadfully foggy word, covering everyone, and hence, for practical purposes, no one specifically. There has long been a "consumers' movement," but it has been composed chiefly of the big middle-class women's organizations and the home economists. They have done praiseworthy educational work, but the women have not been sufficiently pinched by economic necessity to generate real driving power and their efforts have resulted chiefly in worthy labeling movements and conferences with business men.

Hidden inflation can be stopped by establishing standards of quality and certification, plus vigilant policing by the government to see that such standards

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are maintained. There are two clearly defined consumer groups who can win this battle if they will go into action. They are organized labor and farmers.

On this economic front these two groups, irresistible in power if they will join hands, can unite in a common program. Quality protection is not a political problem. Nor is it sectional. It can be put as simply as this: the farmer and the worker both use overalls; they know what they need from them—how they should fit, how many times they should wash, how long before buttons should pull out, how little they should shrink. To state those simple factors is to visualize a standard. When it is backed by research and checked against available supplies and manufacturing facilities, you have the basis for the standard overall for wartime manufacture. You have also the principle that can be applied all along the line. Stabilization of wages and working conditions has left labor unions and farm organizations with fewer avenues for action. They have plenty of energy available. Here is a direction in which their strength could be exerted for the interest of both, and for the national welfare into the bargain.

Perhaps no new organization is necessary. The America Standards Association is the nationally recognized non-government body for the establishment of standards. It has done good work, but primarily in the development of standards for use by industry; consequently its membership is almost entirely of manufacturers, who make ASA policy. Despite this, the ASA has consistently been receptive to the idea of standards for consumers' goods. The present structure, while permitting membership to farm groups and labor unions, does not provide representation to equal their power. I doubt that organizational changes can be made sufficiently quickly to make it of much use in the present emergency. In the interim, which means right now, farmers and workers could, through their own organizations, form a Union and Agricultural Standards Council of their own. The OPA, before finally accepting a standard, could properly refer it to the ASA, where approval could be obtained within a short time, under its emergency procedure. With the standard in use, constant policing by laboratory tests would still be essential.

Industrial standards, now an important part of our economic life, grew out of the last war. If the present dangerous threat of hidden inflation forces consumer groups to demand quality standards for basic necessities, we shall have made an even greater gain on this front as a result of the present one. Then when Mrs. Osborne goes into a store and says, "Let me look at your work shirts," she will get the one she herself ordered. And it will be worth the money she is paying for it.

A. G. MEZERIK

8802 Blues

THE SOUTH was unaccountably silent when, back in June of 1941, the President yielded to Negro pressure and issued Executive Order 8802, banning discrimination in defense industries and government with a Lincolnian boldness of phrase that gave no hint of the duress under which the order was composed. Once again it was the day of jubilee in the Negro camp. But there were some who, remembering that the Democratic Party was a house divided, heavily discounted the executive order's promise. "A. Philip Randolph mugged the President with his March-on-Washington threat," said the cynical. "Now Randolph has got the wallet, just let him try to pass the notes."

Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt, at White House direction as he later confessed, stopped payment on the biggest of these notes when he put the quietus on the railroad hearing scheduled by the Fair Employment Practice Committee for January 25-27 in Washington. Not that the discrimination practised against Negro firemen by the Southeastern carrier-Brotherhood axis smells any higher to heaven than other ungodly stenches let loose by past FEPC hearings. It was just that Randolph's Provisional Committee to Organize Colored Locomotive Firemen, supported out of his Sleeping Car Porters' resources, had carried the ball on preparations for the railroad hearing, though the grievances of Negro dining-car waiters, car cleaners and shopmen were being championed before the FEPC by the Negro Labor Victory Committee. Swinging wild at Randolph, the administration hit the Negro.

Josh White might well make up a new "social significance blues" around Executive Order 8802's unfulfilled promise to the Negro. From the start, action to implement the order was slower than molasses in January, despite the crisis in Negro morale and the urgency of mobilizing every manpower resource for war production. It was very puzzling. If the White House really meant the brave words of 8802—blazoned on a bright blue poster above the Great Seal and ironically gracing the walls of discriminatory United States Employment Service offices from end to end of the land—how was it that the President flipped only pennies in the FEPC's direction? In a year of war budgets that ran off the edge of the page, the President dug up a mere $80,000 out of his contingent fund to finance the FEPC's whole national show.

Still, the FEPC traveled further on less than any other agency in New Deal history. Disclosures of its findings at Los Angeles, Chicago and New York, where public

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hearings were held, made the front pages not only in these cities but in unbelievable places like Savannah. Suddenly the nation was made discrimination-conscious after decades of ignoring the evil. This was part of the picture disclosed by the FEPC at Los Angeles in October, 1941:

Boeing Aircraft of Seattle had no Negroes out of 41,000 workers. The finger was put on the International Association of Machinists (AFL), which had a closed-shop contract with Boeing. The IAM membership had voted unanimously to admit Negroes but higher-ups overruled the rank and file on the basis of the "lily-white" clause in the union ritual. Subsequently the President cracked down on the IAM leadership—his only crackdown yet on anybody caught at the nasty business of discriminating—and Negroes were admitted.

Consolidated Aircraft of San Diego employed Negroes only as "custodial help." Ditto for North American Aviation. Douglas Aircraft had ten Negroes out of 33,000 workers. Lockheed-Vega Aircraft, with 48,000, had hedged against the hearing by hurrying on 54 Negroes—there had been none a few weeks earlier. Since the hearing, Lockheed has stepped its Negro employment up to more than 500. Other Pacific Coast plants have mended their ways to some degree.

Next the FEPC hit Chicago. With Negroes making up almost a tenth of the city's population, the FEPC found in sampling several war industries that:

Stewart Warner wouldn't use Negroes and asked the Employment Service to send whites only. Studebaker had a few Negroes, all at menial work, including a Negro draftsman and machine operator who was given a job sweeping floors. Nordberg Manufacturing had no Negroes and the guard at the gate said "scram" when a Negro made so bold as to ask for an application blank. Three big Milwaukee outfits—A. O. Smith, the Heil Company and Allis-Chalmers—averaged one Negro apiece. The Heil Company has since hired 1,440 and A. O. Smith 447. Lincoln's home state, the Chicago hearing brought out, had nobly passed a law against discrimination in defense industries—and let it go at that. In the six months that the law had been in effect, no suit had been entered under it and no appropriation made for its enforcement.

New York, where "minorities" are the majority—Jews, Negroes and foreign-born comprising two-thirds of the city's population—has produced about a fifth of all the complaints filed with the FEPC from the whole nation. The New York hearing, held a year ago, first traced the discriminatory pattern prevailing in the metropolitan area. Some of the evidence dredged up by the FEPC showed that:

Wright Aeronautical of Paterson kept Negroes off the production line. In cahoots with Wright's, the Paterson Board of Education barred Negroes from free aircraft training which the federal government was paying for. The FEPC straightened out Wright's on this and the Paterson educational authorities lined up.

The United Electrical Radio and Machine Workers (CIO) sent Negroes to Babcock and Wilcox of Bayonne—only to have them bounce back. "We don't discriminate," the personnel manager told the union organizer, "but we feel it is not necessary to hire these people."

Fairchild Aviation, aircraft instrument makers of Queens, picked employees for "character," a criterion which screened out all but a handful of Negroes and Jews. In its pursuit of the ideal, Fairchild had asked the Employment Service for "WX"—white Christians. The FEPC hearing and subsequent directions had no apparent force or effect on Fairchild, which by-passes 8802 to this day. Despite almost tripled employment in the Queens plant, a recent FEPC investigation disclosed that Negroes were less than one percent of the employees as against 20 percent in the surrounding Jamaica community. Jews were one-half of one percent, while a sampling of the "reject" files ran better than 25-percent Jewish. The United States Employment Service and national-defense training authorities had consistently referred workers to the company but had strangely failed to detect any discrimination in the pattern of acceptance and rejection.

A year after the issuance of 8802—almost to the day—the FEPC finally took on the South, holding a public hearing in Birmingham on June 18-20. Certain professional irreconcilables and colonial residents-general for Northern capitalistic interests first tried to block the show, then to break it up in a riot, and, failing lamentably in both endeavors, got in their dirty licks afterwards.

As soon as the FEPC field office in Birmingham was opened, stories began to circulate from sources close to Governor Dixon that the FEPC's real purpose was to establish "social equality." Highly imaginative accounts of what the FEPC had in store for the hapless white majority were put forth and somehow tied into another yarn attributed to the Governor—that the administration was systematically replacing white soldiers with Negroes in Alabama camps, and that at the proper time, upon orders of the Commander-in-Chief's wife, the black garrison would take over the state. These tall tales circulated among Birmingham Kiwanians at their weekly lunch and gave Mountain Brook ladies something to shudder over while rolling bandages. Nobody else paid the slightest attention.

Birmingham white workers were much too busy mining coal and iron ore, making TNT and steel alongside their Negro union brothers in the CIO and the AFL. They had heard this white-supremacy line directed against themselves when they were getting organized in the thirties. They knew the guys putting it out now were the same guys who then tried to keep white and Negro workers from getting together to

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break up one of the worst open-shop situations in the country. They remembered also how these guys had always stood against the President and every decent New Deal measure. Knowing the real score, Birmingham union men were all for the FEPC hearing. They made it known, too, through forthright resolutions of support and through the labor press.

On the eve, desperate pressure was applied to the White House to call off the hearing, but without success. It is understood that at a council of war held in Birmingham a night or so before the hearing, somebody proposed taking the whole FEPC, plus its investigative staff, for a ride, but the scheme was abandoned lest it give the President the excuse he was waiting for to declare martial law and take over.

After all this factitious build-up of apprehension the three-day FEPC hearing came off with astounding calm. On the opening morning, The Birmingham Age-Herald in a superb column-long lead editorial entitled "Our Common Aims" strongly endorsed the purposes and methods of the hearing. The moderate Montgomery Advertiser followed suit, pointing out shrewdly that "The only cause for fear is the activity of the unscrupulous . . . within our midst who would attempt to panic the rest of us, even as Hitler made use of the Jews and Communists to achieve his ends."

The facts brought out by the Birmingham hearing followed familiar patterns: Negroes restricted to unskilled and semi-skilled jobs or excluded entirely, all but "token" numbers denied free national-defense training in violation of a federal statute—unable to get jobs because they couldn't get training, unable to get training because they couldn't get jobs. Possibly the most spectacular picture of discrimination presented at Birmingham was the case of Mobile's Gulf Shipbuilding Corporation.

On the exact site of a First World War shipyard which had employed thousands of Negroes even in skilled crafts like riveting and angle-smithing, according to testimony before the FEPC, Gulf Shipbuilding had just twenty-two Negroes—all porters. While Negroes were half of the available labor supply and there were actually unemployed welders among them, inmigration of whites made Mobile one of the most dangerously congested war centers in the country. When Gulf Shipbuilding accused its white workers of responsibility for the exclusion of Negroes, the Mobile Metal Trades Council (AFL), which represented these workers, produced evidence of a joint campaign conducted by that body and the Mobile NAACP to get Negroes trained for shipyard jobs. Gulf Shipbuilding finally indicated the real cause of its discriminatory policy—a stevedoring subsidiary desired to keep on tap an abundant supply of casual Negro labor for loading and unloading ships.

Upon his return from Birmingham, Malcolm S. MacLean, Hampton Institute president who had replaced Mark Ethridge as FEPC chairman, received White House congratulations for a job well done. The FEPC had hit the zenith of its brief glory. With White House sanction, plans were drawn for a broad nationwide offensive to enforce 8802. The prospective budget came to more than $1,000,000 as against the first year's $80,000 pittance. Twelve adequately staffed regional offices were to be established for the prompt investigation of complaints, holding of hearings and routine policing of war industries. Then, to the stupefaction and dismay of all FEPC members, none of whom was consulted in advance, came the President's order of July 30 transferring the body from his executive office to the War Manpower Commission, where it would be subject to McNutt's direct supervision.

Back of the transfer, as everybody knew, was reactionary Southern pressure. Also involved were top government officials who had been annoyed by FEPC insistence that they put an end to discrimination in their own departments and agencies. Northern industrial interests and "lily-white" trade unions took a surreptitious hand in the deal. The consequent outcry from Negro, Jewish and other organizations supporting the fight against discrimination drew from the White House a statement that the shift had been made with "the intention to strengthen—not to submerge—the Committee, and to reinvigorate—not to repeal—Executive Order 8802."

Events, however, bore out the fears of those who perceived behind the transfer a far different motivation. First, the State Department smothered the hearing on discrimination against citizens of Mexican background which the FEPC had scheduled for El Paso in September. Then McNutt took over the job of putting the committee to sleep. Three months were consumed in grotesque negotiations with his subordinates over the FEPC's precise status and functions in the WMC. A shell-game arrangement between the WMC and the Budget Bureau held up the FEPC budget for four months. Chopped to a quarter of the amount asked for, even this sum could not be spent in full, for problems of great intricacy delayed the assignment and appointment of new personnel. With the fiscal year more than half gone, the FEPC had only thirty-eight staff members, or less than half the number authorized by the truncated budget. McNutt's intervention to stop the railroad hearing was therefore no surprise to those who knew about the garroting that had been quietly going on for months.

Now that a new device is to supplant the Fair Employment Practice Committee as enforcement agency for 8802, it should be remembered that there was nothing wrong with the FEPC that strong White House backing could not have cured. The Birmingham hearing dramatically demonstrated that, even in the South, honest enforcement of Executive Order 8802 could actually be popular.

JOHN BEECHER

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A Letter to Martin Dies

MARTIN DIES, House Office Building, Washington. Sir: I read with growing indignation and amazement your recent speech in Congress which was partly devoted to an attack on The New Republic and myself. You know of course that your criticisms of the paper and of me personally are entirely unjustified. This has been true of the overwhelming majority of all your charges against individuals and institutions since you have been in Congress. Repeatedly, the Department of Justice and other government departments have investigated your accusations against individuals and have reported that you were wrong in all but a tiny minority of cases. I notice that you have been careful never to say a word against The New Republic or myself except on the floor of Congress where you have legal immunity from a suit for libel.

You are well aware that both this paper and myself as an individual have fought always for historic American principles of democracy, liberty, fair play. You have attacked The New Republic and myself, as you have attacked scores of other periodicals and individuals, for several reasons none of which does you much credit. Among these reasons are:

1. You have been heavily under the influence of Mr. J. B. Matthews, a repentant former Communist. Mr. Matthews hated the liberals when he was a Communist, like all the other comrades; for some reason, he still hates them, now that he has repudiated the faith. He continues to spend much of his time and energy trying to hurt people who disagreed with him when he was a Communist, and only for that reason.

2. You have found, to your own astonishment, that you can make quite a career out of baiting the liberals and radicals, mixing them all up together. You came to Congress a conventional young politician who had lived in Orange, Texas (pop., 7,472) since 1922. You had few ideas on any subject except that being a congressman in Washington at $7,500 (afterward raised to $10,000) was better than practising law in Orange. Quite by accident, you were made chairman of the Committee to Investigate Un-American Activities (God save the mark!). You speedily discovered that the Red menace is one of America's favorite bogey stories. The country as a whole has never been able to distinguish between a radical, who usually wants a violent revolution, and a liberal, whose ideas center around old-age pensions, public works in time of depression and heavy taxes on big fortunes. There is a strong tendency in the general population to assume that any charge of radicalism is true, and that every radical is guilty or potentially guilty of all the crimes in the calendar. You speedily learned that you could go around the country making breath-taking revelations about wicked radicals to numerous audiences for large fees; and the fact that what you said just wasn't so, was of little importance.

3. You are and always have been a bitter opponent of President Roosevelt in person and the whole New Deal in general. I think I can understand how you got this way. I lived for many years in the West myself, and I know what life is like in a small town in Texas for a glib-mouthed young lawyer. Any such small town is likely to be a little haven of the nineteenth century in a twentieth-century world. The land boom is still in progress, though with diminishing force. It is not hard to make a modest amount of money if you are shrewd and facile, and will play along with the oil interests, the big cotton-growers, fruit men and other dominant economic interests. You are unlikely to learn of any other life at the Texas colleges you attended, as these institutions existed prior to 1922. The world outside the United States simply does not exist for you, except Mexico and to a slight extent Central America. Living in Orange, one is innocent of the economic storms and stresses of the modern world. A depression seems like a natural phenomenon which will cure itself if you just sit and wait. That a government should spend as little as possible is axiomatic; and it is also axiomatic that every business should make the largest possible profits and the men at the head of the business should retain them. An unbalanced governmental budget is as horrible as an unbalanced checkbook for the individual. Labor unions represent an outrageous interference between the employer and his men, of whom he will take care (on a very modest scale, to be sure) until hard times come along, and he regretfully has to fire them.

Yours is a simple and familiar sort of attitude, Mr. Dies. A lot of other people share it; after all 22,300,000 people were against the New Deal in 1940. Where you differ from other opponents is in the methods you use. Even in politics, there are standards of conduct; one is not supposed to hit below the belt, yet you practically never hit above it.

Everyone knows how you have used the machinery of your committee to defeat candidates for public office who support the Roosevelt administration. You wait until the eve of the election and then suddenly issue to the press some cock-and-bull accusation allegedly based on the records of your committee. There is no time for the candidate to make reply; the voters get the vague idea, assiduously helped along by his opponent, that Mr. X has been found guilty of treason, at the very least, and by an official committee of the government.

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Your hostility to the New Deal is exhibited in other ways. Repeatedly, you have tried on the flimsiest evidence or none to obtain the dismissal of men doing important work in the bureaus in Washington. You seek to hamstring the administration even now, in the middle of the war, and at the risk of hampering the war itself. It is not surprising that in your anger you went so far as to describe "bureaucracy" (the New Deal) as identical with communism, fascism and Nazism, and said that to fight it is "more important than the conflict between rival armies." (I don't wonder that you modified this statement before The Congressional Record appeared; it was a shocking admission of relative values in your own mind.) Yet your whole statement is false. The forces represented in general by the New Deal are in fact the best antidote to Nazism, fascism and communism that the world has found.

Your colleagues in the House of Representatives, who know you best, have repeatedly indicated what they think of the reliability of your charges. They have just done so again by setting up a subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee before which the people you had accused can appear and establish their innocence. Undoubtedly, a majority of them will do so, since your latest list is as inaccurate as your earlier ones have been.

I can understand the economic illiteracy of a man whose life has been bounded by the towns of Colorado, Texas, where you were born, and Orange. But you have now lived for some years in Washington, which is in a real sense today the capital of the world. Surely you should have learned something in all these years. You should have learned, for instance, that the tendency for government to control the wild excesses of private capitalism, which you describe as the work of a few personal devils in Washington, is a worldwide development that has been going on for many decades. It has gone much farther in England, under a sound, conservative Tory government, than it has in this country. Surely you should realize that the ideals of the frontier, which you profess to cherish, become unworkable when the frontier has vanished.

What puzzles me, Mr. Dies, is what you want in the world. Do you really wish to see greater and greater luxury for a tiny handful, deeper and deeper misery for the masses? Did you really enjoy the depression, which was brought on after America had been operated for nine years by your friends and the people you admire, and which continued to grow worse for three and a half years despite everything that could be done by those in control, who were without exception men like yourself? Because you live in a small town in Texas, which is fairly safe from economic storms, is it of no importance to you that in thousands of other American communities millions of men and women have suffered the tortures of insecurity, have been cold and hungry and miserable through no fault of their own?

I think I know the answer, Mr. Dies: it is fear. I think that you and the many thousands who think like you, even though they fight more fairly, are afraid. I think the little handful of people who rule the economic machine, whose favor you curry so assiduously, know that the scheme of things that produced and maintains them is wrong. They and you are terrified of the future because you see that all over the world, in every country, the conditions which produced you are breaking down and you fear that you will be broken with them.

I wish I could get it through your head, Mr. Dies, that the best friends the system of private enterprise has today are the New Dealers who are trying to make the system work without the terrible shocks and stresses you and your friends are willing to tolerate. In other countries where the rulers of the productive system have fought any possible compromise, they have ended up, for their pains, with communism or fascism or Nazism. There is no reason why the United States should not help prove to the world that you don't have to choose between totalitarianism and a system under which the great majority of the entire community must live in fear and want all their lives and end their days the recipients of charity, public or private.

To be sure, Mr. Dies, you have never accepted responsibility for the bad conditions of the recent past. All that you and your friends do is to fight everyone who is trying, by a reasonable and graduated series of acts of reform, to keep the old America still a going concern. If you were hired by the Fascists or the Communists to destroy our organization so that they could salvage the junk heap, this is how you would act. But I am sure that you are not hired by the Fascists or the Communists; I am sure you are a badly informed young man from a small town in Texas, who received an inferior education in the public schools and colleges of that state, who accidentally got into a position of some importance and lost his head. It is quite possible that, like a cat up a telegraph pole, you may have climbed farther and faster than you meant to and may be wishing for a means of getting down. If so, permit me to suggest an infallible formula. If you would only open your eyes to the world about you, would resolve to play fair and tell the truth, you would attain an improvement in your reputation that would astonish and delight you. For after all, there can't be much satisfaction in knowing that your friends consist of people of inferior intelligence or psychological invalidism; that you do not number among your real partisans a single man of intelligence and character and concern for the traditional finest values of American life.

BRUCE BLIVEN

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Washington Notes

The New Imperialism

I DESIRE to make the observation that the very brilliant and statesmanlike address just delivered by the gentlewoman from Connecticut has been well worth the day that many in the gallery and on the floor have spent in waiting for it."

The speaker was Rep. Eugene Cox of Georgia, boss of the Rules Committee, advocate (for a $2,500 fee) of more rights for a radio station in his district, fisticuffer and chief anti-New Deal axe man. The spoken-of was, of course, Rep. Clare Boothe Luce.

Thus was the torch of opposition passed from the caveman to the woman. The symbolic significance of the event could be exaggerated, but so far it hasn't been sufficiently emphasized. Cox's condescending praise of Mrs. Luce's first address to the House was, in effect, a confession that the know-nothing bloc realizes the necessity for attaching itself to some positive leadership. It can't get anywhere in the long run just thumbing its nose at "bureaucracy." Mrs. Luce may have what it needs.

In the address Cox found so brilliant and statesmanlike, Mrs. Luce asked for an American fence around the earth's atmosphere. She wanted the United States to "keep the air supremacy it now has and take henceforth in the skies that position of enlightened democratic leadership Great Britain had and still has on the seas." She wanted assurances that Americans would be free to fly anywhere in the world after this war while protected at home from the competition of foreign fliers from "cheap-labor-standard nations." In other words, the United States should use aviation as the instrumentality of a kind of British-type imperialism while protecting home industry from air-borne foreign competition.

Mrs. Luce's speech was an answer to Vice President Wallace's "freedom of the air" talk, which she called "globaloney." She proceeded from the assumption that Wallace meant to advocate complete surrender of sovereignty over America's own air, that the administration had adopted this policy and was already negotiating with Great Britain on that basis. No part of the assumption is correct. Wallace's conception is not of unqualified freedom; the administration has an interdepartmental committee studying the question and its thinking runs along the lines of reciprocal arrangements among nations competing for air transport; there have been no negotiations as yet with Britain.

The gentlewoman from Connecticut quoted some hard-bitten British talk about the aviation problem to demonstrate that, while Wallace slices globaloney, the British are cutting up the post-war air-line maps in their own favor. She even suggested, by way of sensation, that the British are prepared to use lend-lease equipment from America to beat America to the punch in post-war civil air competition. There has been similar talk here among government officials concerned with international aviation. The whole thing is highly complicated and largely unexplored and Mrs. Luce doubtless deserves thanks for bringing it to public attention. But soon or late it would have come up in any case.

It was in its domestic political implications that the Luce address was most important. And here it was the underlying psychology of the approach rather than the subject that mattered. Mrs. Luce could as well have talked about silk stockings as airplanes. Her speech, and to a considerable extent every other speech made in the House recently, tended to clarify the new alignment between the administration and its opposition. The administration's tactic is an appeal to good will. Americans are bidden to make sacrifices now that the world may be better for all peoples, not just themselves, after the war.

The opposition is convinced, probably with reason, that this appeal has worn itself out—that no people can be consciously unselfish for a long period. It is a mood that cannot be sustained. It produced a violent reaction after the First World War and it has about run its course in this one. So the Cox-Dies-Tydings crowd have been calling the New Deal do-gooders crackpots. Mrs. Luce only refined this strategy and carried it a logical step further. Not only should fortunate Americans give nothing away, she contended; they should make something for themselves out of this war. They should fly the globe looking for choice bits to grab up in their talons.

This approach, which is generally called realism, has about it an aura of vital, unashamed enterprise that will appeal to every climber in every country-club set from Maine to California, if they can understand it. Even if they don't read, Life should be able to explain it to them in pictures. It is well designed to catch fortunate and ambitious Americans on the bounce from a seizure of idealism. There is even a lilt to it. Reading Mrs. Luce's speech, one is tempted to sing it: "Hey, Daddy, I want a diamond ring, bracelets, everything. Hey, Daddy, you ought to get the best for me."

The trouble with it, politically, is that it lacks appeal down toward the lower rungs. There isn't, as yet, any full-dinner-pail link between those who would profit directly from the new imperialism and those who would work for the imperialists. Moreover, it is difficult to see how this missing link is going to be supplied. The full-dinner-pail rationale broke down on the Hawley-Smoot tariff and all the king's horses probably can't make it serviceable again.

Dies, Cox and company seem to know this. They insist upon continuing their campaign against the do-gooders and against freedom of expression for the do-good point of view even while welcoming the imperialist leadership. Last week they jammed through resolutions continuing the Dies Committee for two more years, authorizing Howard W. Smith to keep up an inquisitorial drum fire against the administration and initiating sundry other harassing investigations. Meanwhile from somewhere, probably Congress, came heat applied to the broadcasting companies to suppress criticism of Congress from commentators like Walter Winchell and Drew Pearson.

They still pay Roosevelt idealism the compliment of fearing its political vigor. So do many of Congress's cooler, clearer-headed men, as witness the cuffing they gave the Dies Committee before voting its renewal.

Washington T. R. B.

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Fair Enough

Counterattack, by Janet and Philip Stevenson, based on a Russian play by Ilya Vershinin and Mikhail Ruderman. Windsor Theatre, February 3, 1943.
Dark Eyes, by Elena Miramova in collaboration with Eugenie Leontovich. Belasco Theatre, January 14, 1943.
The Moon Vine, by Patricia Coleman. Morosco Theatre, February 11, 1943.

NOT LONG AGO the theatre was moaning over Finland's wrongs and Russian brutality. Now it is weeping and cooing over Russia. That proves nothing about history, but it comments on the nature of the theatre.

It shows in the first place how, obviously, the theatre art relates itself primarily to basic experience and emotions, to which one application or another may be attached, as the occasion arises. It shows how subject matter, cause or propaganda cannot in itself make a play a good play. It shows also how a propaganda play, a play with a cause, must find for itself a basis of emotion and human substance and a sufficient dramatic structure at least before it can have any serious rank; though meanwhile it is of course possible that a play because of the subject matter may achieve temporarily a significance. It is then called great, especially in times when the cause is pressing.

Such works do not often do very much harm, and to applaud them hotly is only human and natural. In a year or so they are usually forgotten. And the very people who were the strongest for them are the least likely to return to them to verify the reasons for their admiration. That is human too, and shows at least the theatre's closeness to life, what vivid immediacy this art enjoys.

"Counterattack," the Russian play at the Windsor, begins with the capture of some seven or eight Nazis, plus a nurse, in the cellar of a house on the eastern front, autumn, 1942. An explosion closes the entrance, two Russians are left to hold the prisoners till help arrives. A night, a day, another night pass, before relief comes. You have the strain and suspense, the crafty Nazi efforts, a death or so executed secretly on the order of a Nazi in command who cannot be identified; one of the Russians is wounded by chance, is nursed by the German woman, with final evidence that a romance has begun; one of the Germans changes sides and helps stand guard; and finally at the point of desperation a happy ending to the situation is allowed us. In the meantime Nazi treachery and the Nazi system are vilely in evidence; the Russians display humanity, sporting instincts, shining devotion to Mother Russia and the new order under Stalin.

The play is unusually well cast, and has been directed with great craft and firmness by Miss Margaret Webster. Mr. Morris Carnovsky, as the Russian in charge, has to carry much of the action. He could speed up at times, as the play itself well might, but he gives an admirable performance, full of variety and skill. Mr. Martin Wolfson, as the second and simpler Russian, is excellent. Miss Barbara O'Neil gives a beautiful performance as the nurse. "Counterattack" drags considerably at times because of so much suspense and insistent detail without enough significant content. The cold truth is that it is hard to know how to take a play—we certainly could not take it as very important—in which the suspense creates almost Grand Guignol horror theatre but which is directed and acted with never a wink or hint of that, and in which, after much serious and seemingly tragic implication, we suddenly slide into the easy melodrama of the last curtain.

"Dark Eyes" has the credit of bringing Mr. Jed Harris back to the theatre as producer and director. It has also a comedy situation that is capital: three Russians—once artists and now playwrights too—descend on a formal Long Island household. The first act is mostly engaging, breezy, fantastic and with a good deal of wit. Mr. Jay Fassett plays to a turn the widower head of the house, marriageable to one of the Russians. Miss Minnie Dupree and Mr. Carl Gose, as grandmother and son of the house, are both good; so is Mr. Oscar Polk as the butler. Mr. Geza Korwin, the Hungarian actor, is excellent as the Georgian prince fiancé, one of the Russians' lover and so on. Miss Eugenie Leontovich, Miss Elena Miramova and Miss Ludmilla Toretzka, in teeming roles, are agreeable and willing, though often given to forcing, as if bothered with the semi-farcical extra-Russian details and too much presence on the stage as contrasted with the other characters. Mr. Stewart Chaney has designed the two settings, of the right smartness. The play itself has many witty intentions, which fairly often come off.

The Morosco has a new piece by a talented newcomer, Miss Patricia Coleman, which seemed to fare badly with the first night and its reviewers; but that will reward investigation. "The Moon Vine" for the most part is delightful American comedy, fresh and original. The setting is excellent. Some of the acting is young and very fine. I expect to see it again, and so more of this anon. STARK YOUNG

The Heroes of the Mary Ann

WHILE Americans in the islands of the Pacific were trying to deal with surprise and superior numbers in the first days after Pearl Harbor, an American flying fortress, the Mary Ann, was making a harried, four-day flight through the same area, unable to reach a safe airfield, fleeing because unarmed, or crippled, or out of gas, finally landing on an Australian shore. Warner Brothers have put a good deal of zeal, honest effort and integrity into "Air Force," the story of this flight. They have also put ten stock Americans taken from the drawer marked "Service Picture Types" to man the Mary Ann (whether Warners know it or not, all ten are the same person). But the players instil into their ancient characters an earnestness and belief and enjoyment in the things they say and do. Most of all, the picture is full of wonderful views of air warfare: planes taking off, coming in on wheels or without, exploding by the dozen if they're Japanese, a hectically cut—the best spot in this picture—airplane attack on a Japanese fleet, which is mostly wooden miniatures in a studio tank but enough newsreel as well to communicate the bedlam of battle as though it all took place in the center of an explosion. It is the best, most interesting, movie record to date of the Pacific war theatre.

In contrast to the English war films, there is no end to the heroism and the rewards for it that an American soldier can produce and earn in a Hollywood film. Each take-

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off of the Mary Ann is conceived as a great victory, pulled from the fire by the pilot. Each time the navigator plots a course, anxiety stacks up in great layers through the whole crew, the navigator himself almost goes to pieces, and his ultimate success is the occasion for backslapping and official wonder. Even the rear gunner, who flunked out of pilot school, gets his chance finally to fly the ship, the other men having bailed out, as he would have too had not the motor unexpectedly started kicking over. This goes along with his wonderful feats as a gunner. English movie fighters, with the exception of course of Captain Noel Coward, do their movie warfare as though it were only what was expected, which is probably more like the truth.

Of the players, John Ridgely has the tall, unbothered efficiency and respectable good looks of a pilot or a bus driver; the navigator, Charles Drake, has the blond passive largeness of a right tackle, and something that didn't have to be there, a pensive quality. The rest fill out the portraits that the McLaglens, Lowes, Cagneys and O'Briens started: the tough, cocky little man, down on the service and his commanding officer, the Irish and Jewish comedians, Harry Carey, and the soft, good-looking Southern aviator that used to be Johnny Mack Brown and now is capably and graciously James Brown.

The photography of James Wong Howe, like the job he did on "King's Row," has great vigor. It is unwashed by the usual lacquered shadow, and uncentered in the old sense taken from painting, so that it seems to spread out in all directions past the boundaries of the screen. This technique, plus expensive accuracy and concern for details of décor and action, make the picture look as it should—like a newsreel, and a good if not profound record.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

America's front-line soldiers "do not want and will not accept regimentation of their lives or planned economy," he [Rickenbacker] declared.

At the same time he called for the draft of labor for service in the war industries and farms. – *From The New York Times.*

What earthly sense there is in coddling these Japs is beyond hope of explanation. They are bloodthirsty yellow men with savage hearts, no matter what the polish they acquire. Some are citizens, it is said. So much the worse for us. It is a God-given opportunity to denounce their citizenship and ship every mother's son of them back to Nippon after the war.

Clean out the Japs—don't educate them. – *An editorial in The Gunnison News-Champion, Gunnison, Colorado.*

There's a Reason

I have a thousand letters asking me to return to being chairman of the National Democratic Committee. Thirty percent of these are from Republicans. – *Edward J. Flynn, quoted in a radio news broadcast on February 10.*

That All-Out Effort, Southern Style

TROPICAL INN
Civilians Only
Beer, Wine, Dancing. 204 Scott St., Cor. Tampa.
–An advertisement in The Tampa Morning Tribune.

Total-War Department

Now is the time for club members to display courage. In my opinion, golfers are the leading sportsmen among sportsmen. They owe most of their friendships, their good health and happiness to the game. We now are called upon to pay a small dividend on what we have received from the past. Any member who would let his club down now, providing he is financially able to pay his dues, is just the sort of man who would stand by and watch his country lose the war. – *Announcement of the Winged Foot Golf Club of Mamaroneck, New York, discussed in the sports section of The New York Sun.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

How Tennessee Killed the Poll Tax

[The New Republic requested Jennings Perry, who as editor of The Nashville Tennesseean led the poll-tax fight in his state, for information as to how the campaign was conducted and successfully concluded. – THE EDITORS]

SIR: We killed the Tennessee poll tax by working like hell to kill it—for seven years—but more particularly in the last four. This newspaper killed it, by pounding—by reasoning aloud and reasoning again, by education, by persuasion, by blaming and praising. We killed it inch by inch and week by week and year by year. We killed it with a pinch bar.

It was like this: Tennessee had the poll tax and did not know it had the poll tax. The poll tax had been here fifty-odd years. Nobody remembered the fight over it in the last constituent assembly, in 1870. Two generations had grown up with the thing. It was part of the landscape. Few knew the poll tax was not part of a natural state. Those who thought of it at all were certain it was assessed by the Constitution (a belief carefully cultivated by political old men and magnolia-scented tories who fear the riff-raff—that is, the popular vote). Most people were amazed to learn that other states do not have a poll-tax prerequisite.

We really hit this thing in 1939, when we put Kill the Poll Tax in our masthead, and said why. This state is run by Boss Ed Crump of Memphis with control of a measly 100,000 votes (his machine's and bandwagon people). It could vote almost 2,000,000. We tried to show our public how poll-tax restriction helped him do it. We didn't get far at first. Crump came out for repeal, too.

We elected Governors pledged to kill the poll tax. Nothing happened. The state Democratic and Republican Parties promised to kill the poll tax. Nothing happened. In 1941 we forced the issue by getting poll-tax repealers introduced in the legislature the first day of the session. The purpose was to shake the opposition out. It shook them. Crump had to come out and kill the thing he had favored.

Then we had them naked. We had the proof before the public. We etched it in the public consciousness. I myself have written at least a thousand editorials on the issue. We took up every vocal defense of the tax and blasted it. We got a ruling from the courts that the counties need not levy the tax just because the state levied it. We fought the tax county by county and knocked it out in thirty-four counties in a year (the state levied $1, the counties another $1). We fought it out in the gubernatorial campaign of 1940. Crump licked our man, but only by a hair, and all the waist and some of the fringes of the state voted with us—to kill the poll tax.

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We pounded repeal through the present legislature by keeping the issue constantly in sight. We knew most of the members were pledged to repeal. We knew many of them had merely made a gesture. We knew the Governor, serving his third term, had lost his home county and the whole region whose respect he covets on his failure to fight to kill the tax.

So at last it was killed.

It wasn't done by political organization, for we had none. It wasn't done by a political boss as in Louisiana. The boss here had to be routed. We had cautious support from some other papers, the strongest from The Chattanooga Times. The League of Women Voters did what it could with an infinitesimal organization. The labor groups said Aye, but they do not speak loudly in Tennessee.

My advice to any other poll-tax state is: get you a newspaper. Get you a fighting newspaper. If it should fight, The Times-Dispatch could kill the tax in Virginia. If The Arkansas Gazette fought the poll tax, it could kill it in Arkansas. Amon Carter could kill it in Texas.

The right and wrong of the issue is so clear that, explained and emphasized, it cannot be confused. The truth, which should not need to be proved (though the proof is ample), is: you can't have the vote and tax it, too.

Failing at least one fighting newspaper that believes in democracy, or a popular leader not now in sight and difficult, where the vote is restricted, to raise, the seven other states haven't much chance to kill the poll tax. Congress, maybe, will kill it for them —as manifestly it should.

Nashville, Tenn. JENNINGS PERRY

Re: "Section 52 Is News"

SIR: The article in your February 15 issue speaks of the Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments as guarantees against oppressive action by the state or federal governments. Strictly speaking, the Bill of Rights limits federal action, the Fourteenth Amendment limits state action, and the Fifteenth Amendment limits both federal and state action.

The case of United States v. Catlette, et al., did not involve the use of an indictment. Since Section 52, Title 18, United States Code, is a misdemeanor statute, an information was filed in the United States District Court for the Southern District of West Virginia, on or about April 20, 1942; a petit jury convicted on June 3, 1942; defendant Catlette appealed to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, Fourth Circuit; the conviction was affirmed. The opinion was given by Judge Armistead Dobie, June 3, 1943.

VICTOR W. ROTNEM,
Washington, D. C. United States Department of Justice

Rex Stout's Hymn of Hate

SIR: Recently in The Kansas City Times there was reprinted an editorial paragraph in which you deplore the expression of "Hymn of Hate."

I agree with you in general about your article. However, you say: "If we were soldiers fighting at the front, along roads bombed and machine-gunned by German planes, we shouldn't have any trouble following Mr. Stout's advice—but then we shouldn't need it."

I want to point out a distinction in this connection to you for your own benefit. It might be that a soldier in such a position does hate the Germans if he thinks of them in the abstract, just as he hates meanness and any unsportsmanlike conduct.

However, it is a bad mistake to think that soldiers hate the Germans as individuals even in the front line. I have seen them stop on their way out of a machine-gun-swept woods to give their last canteen of water to a wounded German soldier and I have watched them share their cigarettes with a wounded German soldier who had been captured in action during the other World War.

I don't believe I have ever seen a soldier who hated the Germans. Of course I have seen a few bullies and heard a few shoot-mouths talk, but their talk is worse than their bite. I don't mean either they do not want a pretty stiff retribution dealt the Germans as a people. I don't think there is any hatred of the Germans here now. As a people we are not good haters. Thank God!

WILLIAM A. SMITH,
Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Kansas
Topeka, Kan.

I Too Am American

SIR: I too am American. Because I believe in the dignity of man. Because I believe in a life "with Liberty and Justice for all." Because I believe in our government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

I too am American. Because I love the rich heritage of America: the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, the strength of George Washington and the deep kindness of Abe Lincoln, the ingenuity of Robert Fulton and Thomas Edison, the courage of all our fighting men, the beautiful melodies of Stephen Foster, and countless other fragments of America. And I love the happiness and strength in the faces of my fellow Americans.

Although I was born of Japanese blood and I resemble my enemy in appearance, I will no longer curse that fact of my birth. I will ignore it.

Although I have been confined in a relocation center without any hearing, confined with people among whom are enemies of my country, I will accept it for what it is, a military necessity. Although it is a hardship, I know it is my sacrifice, my part in the war effort that will bring destruction of the axis of tyranny. And it is small sacrifice when I think of the gallantry of our boys at Bataan.

I ask of my fellow Americans not to look upon my face and say, "goddam Jap," but to look into my heart and know me for what I am, because I too am American.

Rivers, Ariz. ERNEST MICHIO MATSUNAGA

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Professor Albert Guérard of New York sends a footnote to the letter of Mr. Eric Underwood in the February 1 issue of The New Republic. Mr. Underwood disputed Michael Straight's assertion (made in an article in the January 4 issue) that since British prestige no longer had value in Burma, the effort to retake Burma should have been made by a force composed "largely" of American troops, under a Chinese general. Mr. Underwood asked how it would seem to Americans if an English writer proposed that we retake the Philippines with British troops under a Russian general. To this discussion Professor Guérard adds the following observation: "There is a difference between the case of Burma and that of the Philippines which Mr. Eric Underwood does not point out. We have granted the Philippines full autonomy or dominion status; and we have promised them complete independence at a definite date. If General Wavell could convince the Burmese that he is bringing them such gifts, he might be more warmly welcome."

The American Association of University Professors sends us a copy of its report on the dismissal of Prof. Philip H. Mankin from the faculty of the State Teachers' College at Murfreesboro, Tennessee. The report finds that the dismissal of Professor Mankin was unjustified, is a violation of academic freedom, and is severely critical of Quintin M. Smith, president of the college.

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Books in Review

Lives and Times

HERE IS the newest and biggest of all the reference books that deal with contemporary writing. Here are the lives in brief, the listed works and the dearest opinions of 1,850 authors who have flourished or wilted in our own century, together with critical estimates of their achievements. Here, in a green buckram binding, are the late Victorians, the Edwardians and the Georgians; here are the French Symbolists, the Unanimists and a few Surrealists, not to mention Simenon, who is a literature in himself; here are the German Expressionists, the exiles from fascism and some of those who stayed beyond the Rhine; here are the proletarians, the revolutionary novelists, the social realists and the landlords and tenants of ivory towers; here are detective-story writers, ranch romancers and academic historians of the American dream; here is Thomas Mann with his elder brother and two of his six children; here are three Powyses, two Benéts, two Van Dorens and three Sitwells, all in their family groups; here also are O'Faolain and O'Flaherty, O'Hara and O'Higgins and O. Henry, in addition to Eugene O'Neill and Baroness Orczy; here, in a word, is practically every writer of every nationality including the Finnish who has published serious or popular books in America since the turn of the century.

"Twentieth Century Authors"[1] is not a scholarly work. Even a casual reader finds casual errors, such as the habit of assigning Van Wyck Brooks to various Harvard classes between 1908 and 1911, each of which is then described as the most distinguished class in Harvard history. Some authors have their names misspelled; I noticed Eugene "Zamayatin" and "Peader" O'Donnell. The bibliographies are incomplete and not without errors. Most of the critical estimates are perfunctory, and a few of them sound as if they were written by people who never read the books on which they are passing final judgments. These are faults, however, for which the editors should not be severely blamed. With a small staff and limited funds, they had to assemble data about most of the authors living today; and they did they work sufficiently well to make their book invaluable to reference librarians. As for book reviewers and literary editors, I don't see how they can do without it. We can be thankful that Messrs. Kunitz and Haycraft are usually right, for each of their mistakes will be copied so often, in so many lectures, reviews and literary portraits based on their material, that it will end by having the authenticity of a legend.

One interesting feature of the book is that most of the 1,850 authors collaborated in writing it by furnishing data about themselves. Hundreds of them wrote their own biographical notes, and these make lively reading, besides suggesting a number of generalities about writers as a class. Most of them, it seems, would rather talk about their childhood and early struggles than about their later careers. Most of them boast that they used to work with their hands, as if this was a greater distinction than anything their brains could do. They also boast of living close to nature. Says Daphne Du Maurier in a typical passage, "My hobbies are anything to do with the country—walking, gardening, bird-watching, sailing. My dislikes are town life, entertainments, parties and large social gatherings." So many of her colleagues agree with her that you wonder how publishers find guests for their cocktail parties.

But what impressed me chiefly in these autobiographical notes is the weight they give to political opinions. Almost every writer insists on explaining that he is a true liberal or a sturdy but lovable conservative; that he voted for Roosevelt in 1932 or Willkie in 1940; that he fought Hitler from the beginning or is mildly in favor of fascism under a different name—in a word, that his novels or poems have a sound basis in political doctrine. Often the story makes it clear that he has suffered for his opinions. In the case of other authors, a reader familiar with their work can guess that their political activities have led to more disasters than they care to mention.

The writers of our own time have adopted two opposite attitudes toward politics in general, and therefore have suffered in two different fashions. The first attitude was that of complete indifference and complete withdrawal into literary concerns. Since the disadvantages of life in an ivory tower have been discussed in the past by many critics, including myself, I shall not return to them here—except to say that total absorption in the art of writing is likely to end as total self-absorption or simple paranoia. The second attitude was that of wholehearted participation in the political struggle. This is better in theory, but in practice it led to a great deal of shallow and temporary writing. Moreover, there were too many writers who approached political life with the wrong equipment—with the habit, that is, of striking attitudes and of dealing with people as if they were abstractions. Sometimes these writers, starting with the best intentions, ended by finding themselves in curious company.

To mention one example that is treated at some length in "Twentieth Century Authors," there is the tragicomedy of Ezra Pound. For twenty years his literary life was a desperate flight from his admirers. Time after time he was on the point of becoming almost a popular poet, but always he shied away from success like a colt from the bridle. His method of escape was to change his style, so that each new book of poems seemed to be written for a new audience by a wholly unknown poet called Ezra Pound. In spite of all his efforts, he had acquired by 1930 a band of disciples willing to admire and imitate his transformations. He must have feared that they would end by catching up with him —they might even deprive him of his freedom—and therefore his next step was the most desperate of all. He plunged head over heels into Social Credit and began describing himself as an economist instead of a poet.

[1] Twentieth Century Authors, edited by Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft. New York: The H. W. Wilson Company. 1,584 pages. $8.50.

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At that time the fascists in Italy were looking for American allies. They explained that Social Credit was really quite similar to their own idea of the Corporate State, and Pound was silly enough to believe them. When he was invited to broadcast over the Italian government radio, he was so delighted at the opportunity of expounding his economic doctrines that he was quite willing to add a little fascist propaganda. We know the rest of the story. He tried to leave Italy a year ago on the train that carried our diplomats and newspaper correspondents, but by that time his record was so black that our government refused to give him a visa. Soon he returned to his short-wave broadcasts, which had become his only source of income and which, by the way, are so obscure in a crabbedly personal fashion that nobody in this country bothers to listen. Years ago, I had several long talks with Pound, and I now find it hard to believe that he is a fascist at heart, an apostle of racism or an enemy of his own country. It seems to me rather that a successsion of literary attitudes and the habit of trying to amaze his readers have involved him in an utterly false and evil situation from which there is no retreat.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Five Books on India

A YEAR OF WAR has wrought many changes in the lives and thinking of the American people, not the least important of which has been the awakening of our interest in the problems of countries hitherto ignored. India is a notable case in point, for until the United States became an active participant in a war of global dimensions, most Americans were content to dismiss the turbulent drama of Indian politics as remote, incomprehensible and of no concern to anyone but the British.

But with the spread of war to the Pacific, the rapid Japanese conquest of Southeast Asia, and the failure of the Cripps mission, the American people were suddenly made aware of India as an area of key importance, both strategically and politically. This meant that the complexities of the Indian political situation, though no less difficult to understand and evaluate, could no longer be ignored. Almost overnight, the conflict of Indian nationalism and British rule, the demands of Indian minority groups such as the Moslem League and the native princes, and the aims and personalities of Gandhi, Nehru, Jinnah and other Indian leaders were recognized as having a direct bearing on our whole war effort.

The months since the failure of the Cripps mission have witnessed a rapid sharpening of the political crisis in India, accompanied by widespread and heated debate in the United States over the merits of the British and Indian sides of the controversy. Americans are naturally torn between their traditional sympathy with any people's struggle for national independence, and their equally strong conviction that winning the war is all-important and that nothing which obstructs unity among the Allied nations can or should be tolerated. In addition, we have been hampered in our efforts to adopt an impartial and constructive attitude toward the Indian problem by our lack of knowledge of the issues and personalities involved. Fortunately, however, one result of our newly aroused interest in Indian affairs is that for the first time we have a profusion of books on the subject which should enable us to get a more rounded picture of the Indian problem than was possible a year ago. In the past few weeks alone, no less than five books have appeared which should do much to enlarge our understanding of the Indian nationalist struggle and its two outstanding leaders, Gandhi and Nehru.

Most pretentious of these five is "Warning to the West"[1] by Shridharani, a young Hindu nationalist who is well known as a writer and lecturer in the United States. His "warning," briefly stated, is that the Anglo-Saxon powers, meaning Britain and America, must abandon their traditional attitude of racial superiority and arrogance toward the colored peoples of Asia if they do not wish to see this war transformed into a "titanic inter-continental struggle between East and West, or into a global racial conflict between whites and non-whites." Shridharani views India as the key to the future of East-West relationships, and he illustrates his thesis mainly with references to the impact of the West on Indian civilization, and to the intolerable humiliations suffered by the Indian people under Anglo-Saxon domination. He deals at some length with India's historical relations with China and Japan and the course of "Westernization" in all three countries, and also indulges in some rather confused geopolitical speculations about an Asiatic federation controlling the Eurasian "heartland" under Indian-Chinese leadership, as Asia's logical defense against "white imperialism."

"Warning to the West" suffers from many of the faults of sensational writing. It is a shrill, highly emotional diatribe rather than a balanced, well reasoned argument. The author's sweeping generalities, many of which would not survive critical analysis, his loose and often superficial interpretation of history, and his failure to offer any concrete suggestions as to how to solve the problem he poses, all detract seriously from the intellectual merit of the book. None the less, it deserves careful study for the attitude it reflects—an attitude which undoubtedly constitutes an important element in the current thinking of many Asiatic peoples.

The book's most serious weakness arises from the falseness of the author's initial premise—his thesis that the central problem in the world today is the psychological one of racial antagonism, and his assumption that the people of the Anglo-Saxon countries are dominated by the racial concepts of Spengler and other philosophers of fascism and the "master race." This concentration of emphasis on the single issue of racial discrimination distorts Shridharani's whole analysis of the Indian nationalist struggle. It also blinds him to the real issues at stake in the present world struggle against fascism, and prevents him from viewing the Indian problem in its proper relation to that struggle. As an Indian, it is only natural that Shridharani should be acutely sensitive to the racial arrogance which has characterized British political and social behavior in India. But what he does not appear to recognize is that this attitude of racial superiority arises from, and is made possible only by, the political and economic relations of an imperialist power to its colony. In his obsession with the psychological manifestations of imperialist rule, he fails to appreciate that what the colonial people of Asia have in common is not a sense of racial identity but a determination to free themselves

[1] Warning to the West, by Shridharani. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 274 pages. $2.50.

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from all forms of foreign domination, whether white or colored. One needs only to consider the desperate and devastating war which China has waged against Japan for more than five years to perceive the fallacy in Shridharani's argument.

In the final section of his book, Shridharani deals at some length with the situation in India since the Cripps mission. He rightly points out that the mission failed chiefly because the British were unwilling to arm the Indian people, while nationalist leaders, notably Nehru, wanted to create an Indian people's army which could be trained and equipped for guerrilla warfare along the lines so effectively developed in China. The question of "non-violence," he maintains, did not arise during the Cripps negotiations. This contention is in interesting contrast to the argument widely advanced by spokesmen for the British case, who tend to explain the present deadlock in India entirely in terms of Gandhi's persistent adherence to the policy of non-violence. They maintain that Gandhi had openly proclaimed his determination to oppose India's military participation in the war even if independence should be granted, and that England was therefore being asked to countenance an Indian government that not only would not fight but might even insist on making peace with Britain's enemies. Shridharani, however, supports his contention by quoting Gandhi's statement to the Congress leaders at the time of the Cripps mission that "non-violence with me is a creed. . . . But it is never as a creed that I placed it before India. . . . I placed it before the Congress as a political method. . . . As a political method, it can always be changed, modified, altered or even given up in preference to another. . . . If you can get what you want, you will strike the bargain, and you may be sure that I will not shed a single tear."

But though Shridharani makes clear that Gandhi's pacifist views were not shared by the majority of Congress leaders, and although he also presents Nehru as the ideal leader of nationalist India, he fails to give a satisfactory analysis of Gandhi's role in the present crisis, or to explain the factors which have permitted Gandhi to maintain his control over Congress policy. If, as Shridharani points out, Gandhi is a "medieval genius" who rejects all forms of modern science and wants to lead India back to a primitive economy based on agriculture and village industries, while Nehru is completely modern and progressive in outlook, "a great admirer of Western science and political internationalism," what are the forces within the Indian nationalist struggle that have enabled Gandhi once more to emerge as the central figure in Indian politics?

One can make a very good case for the argument that a thorough understanding of Gandhi's role is the key to the present crisis in India, and it is therefore fortunate that we now have three books devoted entirely to recording Gandhi's views on the war, on Indian independence, and on the role which he envisages for a free India. They are "What Does Gandhi Want?"[1] by T. A. Raman, "A Week with Gandhi,"[2] by Louis Fischer, and "My Appeal to the British,"[3] by Gandhi himself, a collection of his articles in Harijan in which he states his case for the immediate termination of British rule in India.

Mr. Raman, a leading Indian exponent of the British side of the controversy, is chiefly concerned with demonstrating Gandhi's unswerving pacifism and his determination to prevent India's active participation in the war. After quoting at length from Gandhi's statements on the war and on Indian nationalist policy, he concludes that a settlement could have been reached with Cripps had Gandhi willed it, but that Gandhi did not so will it "because he is determined that India shall not identify herself militarily with the United Nations," and because to Gandhi "non-violence means more than the independence of India."

Mr. Fischer, on the other hand, appears to have been more interested in exploring the phenomenon of Gandhi's mind than in pinning him down to a specific discussion of concrete issues, and his record of a week's conversations with Gandhi is valuable primarily as an insight into an extremely complex personality, a bewildering mixture of the shrewd politician and the mystic philosopher who delights in vague, theoretical abstractions. It is a significant indication of the elusive and ambiguous character of Gandhi's statements that after hearing him discuss the same issue of India's role in the war, Mr. Fischer reaches the conclusion that with Gandhi "the yearning for India's independence takes precedence over everything else, even over his belief in non-violence."

"My Appeal to the British" includes many of the statements and articles quoted by both Mr. Fischer and Mr. Raman, but gives a fuller and more rounded picture of Gandhi's political beliefs. Reading these articles, it is not difficult to understand why it is possible to interpret Gandhi both as a shrewd politician and as an infuriatingly vague and impractical idealist; as an admirable champion of the cause of human freedom, and as a stubborn fanatic, so obsessed with his belief in the power and virtue of non-violence that, to quote Mr. Raman, "he has maneuvered India into a state of helplessness leading to bitterness and frustration." He insists that he does not want an Axis victory, and that Indian independence would strengthen the Allied cause. But he refuses to commit himself on what a Free India would do to support the United Nations, and declares that if he can convert India to a policy of non-violence, he will do so.

This collection of articles provides an excellent illustration of the methods by which Gandhi has maintained himself as supreme dictator of Congress policies for many years—his skill at avoiding precise commitments on questions of policy, and the frequent ambiguity and apparent inconsistencies in many of his statements. As Mr. Fischer puts it, an interview with Gandhi "is a voyage of discovery, and he himself is sometimes surprised at the things he says." Gandhi is brilliantly capable of being "all things to all men" and this quality explains his unique position of power in a heterogeneous nationalist movement which includes conservative industrialists, landowners and financiers, as well as impoverished peasants and workers who want radical economic and social reforms in addition to political independence.

None of these three books, however, brings out the important fact that Gandhi's pacifist views toward the war have met with increasingly strong opposition both from

[1] What Does Gandhi Want?, by T. A. Raman. New York: The Oxford University Press. 113 pages. $1.25.

[2] A Week with Gandhi, by Louis Fischer. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 122 pages. $2.

[3] My Appeal to the British, by Mahatma Gandhi. New York: The John Day Company. 79 pages. $1.

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Congress leaders and the rank-and-file membership. Even Gandhi himself has admitted that "Congressmen who believe in non-violence for the defense of India can be counted on one's fingertips," and that "Free India would want to be militarist." Mr. Raman dismisses such remarks as "inadmissible modesty" on Gandhi's part, but he fails to explain how this coincides with the August resolution of the Congress Party demanding the formation of a free Indian government which would "wholeheartedly declare itself on the side of the United Nations, agreeing to meet the Japanese or any other aggressor with armed resistance."

The increasingly strong demand among the rank and file of the Congress, as well as among other political groups, for a representative national government so that India may coöperate actively as an equal partner of the United Nations in the war is evidence of growing dissatisfaction with Gandhi's leadership, although by jailing him, the British government has undoubtedly strengthened his position in the eyes of his followers. Even Mr. Raman admits the possibility that Gandhi should not be considered an insuperable obstacle when he urges other Congress leaders to break away from Gandhi and "boldly take the path of political negotiation and leadership," although he would have done better to address this appeal to the British government as well.

There is every reason to believe that the British still have the power to by-pass Gandhi and deal directly with the genuinely anti-fascist and progressive forces in the Congress Party of which Nehru is the natural leader. But apart from whether the British are prepared to take such action, one of the most unfortunate aspects of the present Indian situation is that Nehru, out of personal loyalty and respect for Gandhi, has failed to assume positive leadership of these progressive forces. For years, Nehru's great contribution to Indian nationalism has been his internationalism—his ability to relate the Indian struggle to worldwide trends and events. He was one of the world's earliest and most powerful denouncers of fascism, and the first Indian leader to show his fellow countrymen the close relation between their fight for freedom and the great struggle against fascist aggression in China, Ethiopia and Spain.

Some of the best of Nehru's writings during the fateful prelude and opening stages of the present world conflict are now available to Americans in "The Unity of India,"[1] a collection of articles and public statements, closing with his magnificent speech at the trial before his imprisonment in November, 1940. All students of Indian politics will find this book valuable for its authoritative comments on the policies and achievements of the Congress Party. But its outstanding importance lies in Nehru's superb analysis of the great social and political issues at stake in the present war. It is one of the tragic ironies of the present world situation that the United Nations can find no better way to use one of the great pro-democratic thinkers and statesmen in Asia than to immobilize him in prison and thus intensify his resentment against the British and strengthen his stubborn loyalty to Gandhi.

KATE L. MITCHELL

[1] The Unity of India: Collected Writings, 1937-1940, by Jawaharlal Nehru. New York: The John Day Company. 432 pages. $3.

The Poetry of Geopolitics

The Tragicall History of Christopher Marlowe, by John Bakeless. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. 2 vols., 807 pages. $7.50.

MARLOWE'S COMPLETE WORKS, probably written in less than six years, are available in a single compact volume. These two imposing volumes, the professed result of a twenty-two-year investigation, carry a comprehensive bibliography of more than a hundred pages. Modern research has not improved our sense of proportion, but it has recovered many details which were lost with the death of Marlowe. Three hundred and fifty years afterward, any further contribution ought to be original, if not "definitive." The blurb forces the issue: John Bakeless has brought us the latest word, if not the last. He has already contributed a doctoral dissertation and a popular biography. The present work synthesizes the magpie scholarship of his thesis with the glib journalism of his earlier book. It cannot be said to do justice to its subject, or even to justify the various academic auspices under which it appears.

Yet it is a typical product of our willingness to accept sheer enterprise as the *ersatz* for historical knowledge and critical insight. Mr. Bakeless has canvassed most of the relevant material and much that seems irrelevant. Perhaps, after a flurry of new documents, careful editions and useful monographs, the gleanings are bound to seem thin. Marlowe's residence at Cambridge, for example, was well established before Mr. Bakeless discovered the name in a Corpus Christi buttery book; what Mr. Bakeless' discovery proved was that Marlowe, during his student days, ate and drank. Mr. Bakeless has been more successful in multiplying the documentation for known facts than in solving the enigmas of Marlowe's career. The question of his private life, his preoccupation with what Mr. Bakeless delicately labels "unnatural vice," though attested by internal and external evidence, is dismissed in two paragraphs.

"The play, however, is the thing," as Mr. Bakeless observes. Thereupon he jumps from a discussion of sources, more controversial than convincing, to a discussion of influences, vaguely demonstrated through parallel passages. On one of his occasional excursions into stage history, he goes so far as to cast Edward Alleyn in the role of Edward II. Significantly—we learn from theatrical records—this is the one title-role in the Marlowe repertory that was created by another actor. Mr. Bakeless' references to Marlowe's fellow dramatists go even farther astray: he attaches Lyly to the wrong theatre, assigns Fletcher the wrong dates, misquotes Jonson, and garbles Shakespeare's versification. The latter is referred to as "that talented young bumpkin" or "the great business man of Stratford," and deprived of the Henry VI trilogy, which Mr. Bakeless—following a discredited theory—fathers on his man.

Well, we can forgive mistakes and forget misprints, but—at a time when literary studies are peculiarly defenseless—we can no longer afford misunderstandings. If Marlowe is dead, why prolong the inquest? Because his poetry

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is very much alive. Having survived the brawl over his last tavern-reckoning, it will doubtless survive any argument over Mr. Bakeless' book. Not long ago the Dies Committee paid tribute to Marlowe's vitality by calling him a communist. His contemporaries, with the same offhand vehemence, called him other names—Machiavellian, epicurean, atheist. By questioning the medieval taboos against the *libido dominandi*, the *libido sentiendi* and the *libido sciendi*, he had earned the reputation of an iconoclast. In more positive terms, his tragedies were the earliest dramatization of three modern impulses—the will to power, the lust for experience and the zeal for knowledge. His problem as a dramatist was to set up images for his iconoclasm to smash—to burn the Koran, depose a king, or anathematize a scholar.

Today the increased resources of intellectual history and a fresh awareness of dramatic convention should help us to understand how the Renaissance imagination was projected into the theatre. Mr. Bakeless, however, understanding Marlowe's intellectual heresies no better than his dramatic innovations, again applies the soft pedal: "Such religious leanings as Marlowe had were very likely Roman." This, in view of his so-called atheism, is quite unlikely; his expressed opinions lean toward a serious and consistent form of unitarianism. His epicureanism finds examples not merely in the irregularities of his career, but in the appetites of his characters and the sensuousness of his imagery. His Machiavellianism is not confined to the stage, for he led the short but devious life of a secret agent. Above all, he assimilated the Machiavellian doctrine that attributes Rome's greatness not to Fortune but to Virtue—or rather, *virtù*, a quality more aptly translated by "self-reliance" or "rugged individualism."

Thus Tamburlaine, a poor shepherd, conquers half the world, outherods emperors and boasts that his hand controls Fortune's wheel. He seems an outlandish choice for England's first tragic hero until we realize that the success of "Tamburlaine," coinciding with the defeat of the Spanish Armada, heralded an empire as well as a drama. Then the geographical fanfares seem less remote, the catalogues of conquest more immediate, the chariot harnessed to puppet-kings a prophecy. Death interrupts Tamburlaine's plan to unite his eastern and western dominions by anticipating the Suez Canal; but not before his German enemies, breaking their non-aggression pact with the Turks, are caught in the trammels of their *Realpolitik*. From the easy triumphs of the lion, Marlowe turns to the obscure policies of the fox. Machiavelli in person introduces "The Jew of Malta," and Barabas is the exponent of the augmenting powers of capitalism: "infinite riches in a little room."

Marlowe's later heroes, the royal voluptuary and the university wit, push his political explorations into profounder spheres. Edward II, unlike the others, is neither an infidel nor a self-made man; he puts off the crown that is Tamburlaine's sweet fruition; instead of a rising movement, his tragedy has a dying fall. Like Thomas Mann's "Royal Highness," it may be viewed as an allegory of the artist; the king prefers music and poetry, masks and tournaments, to battles and politics; both he and his Machiavellian rival are swept aside by a complete revolution of Fortune's wheel. "Dr. Faustus" is Marlowe's maturest play, and F. S. Boas has made out a case—which Mr. Bakeless has disregarded—for considering it his last. Where Tamburlaine confuted the geographers by redrawing the map, Faustus undertakes to "prove cosmography." Mephistopheles answers his astronomical questions, but the rest is grim silence.

Mr. Bakeless reminds us that the last agony of Faustus (*"See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!"*) is echoed by Maxwell Anderson, without pausing to indicate that the line itself is a poignant echo of Tamburlaine's final blasphemy (*" . . . And set black streamers in the firmament . . ."*). "Elizabeth the Queen" would be a reminder, if one were needed, of the distance between Marlowe's rhetoric and our own. "High, astounding terms," to carry conviction, must be backed by "the pomp of proud, audacious deeds." By the time of Elizabeth's death, a decade after Marlowe's, they already rang hollow. A less heroic age, the tragical-comical age of Hamlet's melancholy and Jonson's satire, reduced them to the rant of Ancient Pistol. To ride in triumph through Persepolis can be either a challenge or an irony, depending on whether that city is the capital of its world or a heap of ruins.

HARRY LEVIN

Remembrance of Things Past

The Weald of Youth, by Siegfried Sassoon. New York: The Viking Press. 259 pages. $2.75.

A QUIET BOOK IN A VIOLENT TIME is likely to be drowned out by the noise, and Siegfried Sassoon's memoir will doubtless not get the attention its unique qualities merit. It is not likely even to fall into the hands of those who would most appreciate its muted yet passionate art, its clean prose hovering on the diffident edge of poetry, its evocation of a lovely landscape, a disciplined spirit and a vanished world. The tone is that of ironic elegy; the result is both a revelation and a critique of that now almost incredible country-house realm, the English hunting and sporting world in which, by an odd fate, a poet, the author, happened to be born. "The Weald of Youth" is the second volume of undisguised autobiography in a series of which "The Old Century" was the first. Mr. Sassoon made his prose reputation more than fifteen years ago with his fictional recollections, "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer," "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" and "Sherston's Progress." In the First World War he first came to fame with his bitter anti-war poetry written after he had won the Military Cross in service at the front in France.

This is the same Sassoon of the earlier prose books and even of the poetry, for his prose, delicate and firm, is that of a poet looking steadily at the images of an exquisitely remembered past. But the author is older, and though his words are always edged and clear, his spirit has the mellowness of a wisdom arrived at full cycle.

Here in the midst of the Second World War, the author, now in his fifties, looks back on the Weald of Youth, that world of southern England in which he still lives. He remembers the youth he was, with irony and quite objective affection. He recalls the poetry of the hunting field; he is never contemptuous of those who would have been con-

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temptuous of his literary side if they had known of it. He delineates with a chiseled fidelity the looks of the people, the fields, the houses, the speech of that world, almost a costume piece now, of the leisured country gentlemen and ladies of the Georgian England of the days before the First World War. There could hardly be a document more stamped with the seal of fidelity. Mr. Sassoon draws no morals; he paints a picture, and the picture is that of a life bounded, non-intellectual, pleasant and almost touchingly unaware of its imminent doom. Anyone who wants to know what it felt like to grow up in that physically healthy, socially fixed and fated society has but to read these pages. He will feel a touch of nostalgia for a way of life that had its own dumb poetry and, for all its limitations, its own formalized raptures. The countryside and country life saved the English country gentleman from being merely a snob.

The other memories are those of a young hunting gentleman awakening to poetry and thrown in with the literary leaders of Georgian London. He does not make fancy pictures of them; Edmund Gosse comes out rather a stuffed shirt; he conveys a sense of the radiance that Rupert Brooke seemed to communicate to everybody, but does not succeed, though he tries, in acquitting him of acting like a self-assured young reputation. There are disarmingly honest accounts of the author's naïveté at his first hearings of Mozart's "Magic Flute," even though the libretto was in English, and the Russian Ballet and "Boris Godounov." He does not hide his own little snobberies and his self-doubtings of himself as a poet.

The book becomes in total a kind of English "Remembrance of Things Past." The whole paradox of a vanished English world is in it, its health and its stupidities, its provincialisms and its grace. And all this is seen through the humorously recalling eyes of a poet who sees around the England of his class and his day, and transmutes his memories of it into the timeless, placeless poetry of meditation. It is a very English book written by a very English poet, but it is something more; it is the record of a spirit recording with tragic charm the colors of a radiant youth seen from the later ground of universal tragedy. Its slightness is more powerful than many treatises. It should be said, and not in passing, that the prose calls attention to itself only because it is so magically transparent a medium of image and feeling and intimated thought.

IRWIN EDMAN

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